McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911 NO. 22

OBSERVANCE OF MEMORIAL DAY IN SMETHPORT

Impressive Exercises Held in Rose Hill Cemetery

GOOD SPEAKING A FEATURE

Sheridan Gorton Delivers Excellent Address to Soldiers and Audience—Members of G. A. R. in Automobiles, Firemen, Odd Fellow, School Children, I. O. O. F. and Citizens' Band in the Parade.

Memorial Day, the day when we pay tribute to our honored soldier and sailor dead and further instill into the hearts of our people, both young and old, that feeling of patriotism and love for the Stars and Stripes that will always burn in the hearts of every American, was appropriately and impressively observed in Smethport as has been the custom ever since Congress set apart that day for that purpose. The day was perfect and the attendance at the exercises at Rose Hill cemetery was unusually large and attentive, and the cemetery never looked more beautiful than on this occasion.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the parade formed on West Main street and headed by Marshall of the Day, Hon. James A. McKean, marched down Main to Nelson street to Cemetery street to Rose Hill. Returning the line of march was to Cemetery street to Bank street, to Mechanic, to Main, to the court house and disband, thus giving a large portion of the town a chance to view the parade which was large and imposing. In the line were the Marshall, McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., and soldiers of the Spanish-American War, the speakers and borough officers in automobiles, the I. O. O. F. [illegible] Lodge, No. 339, [illegible] Fire Department, the Citizens' band, and the pupils and teachers of the Smethport schools.

The exercises at Rose Hill cemetery were beautiful and impressive. They were opened with music by the I. O. O. F. band. Then Fred D. Gallup, president of the day, stated the purpose of the meeting and spoke a few words of greeting to the war veterans and audience, and introduced Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, who offered a brief but fervent prayer, which was followed by vocal music by the Smethport High School Glee Club. McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., then held their Memorial Day exercises, which are always beautiful and impressive. The Glee Club sang. The Address of Lincoln at Gettysburg was read by Guy H. McCoy in a clear and distinct voice, followed by another selection by the Glee Club. Sheridan Gorton, Esq., orator of the day, was then introduced and instead of making an oration, he had a plain heart to heart talk with the Old Veterans and the assemblage before him which made a deep and lasting impression on everyone within hearing of his clear and inspiring voice. "America" was then rendered by the I. O. O. F. band, the Glee Club and the audience, after which Rev. J. W. McGavern, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, gave the benediction. And the exercises closed with the strewing of flowers by members of the G. A. R., D. A. R., Sons of Veterans, the Smethport Fire Department and others.

In his talk to veterans and audience Sheridan Gorton reached out and touched the patriotism and love of country of all within hearing of his voice. While talking to the members of the G. A. R. he went back to the days of their enlistment and pictured their leave-taking from home and loved ones in such beautiful and touching language that many an old eye was dimmed with tears in memory of that day in his or her life when that noble parting came. He followed them through battles and back home in a brief talk that held his audience spellbound.

Then he turned to the school children, the rising heroes and protectors of our country and flag and talked to them in a way that did every one from the smallest mite to those blossoming into maturity good. He showed them that they were the ones who must, soon take the responsibility of preserving the nation that those to whom we are paying loving tribute to-day gave their lives to keep intact during those stormy days of the early 60s. He said that while he hoped they would not be called upon to offer their life-blood to preserve our Union they had many duties to perform to preserve and improve our Union in times of peace. He urged them to study the wants of our Nation and assist in giving to its needs. He urged them to study political economy and civil government that they might be fitted to vote into office men of honor, integrity and knowledge, that the Union, rich in the blood of noble men and women, may continue in the advance ranks of civilization and that when called upon these young people may take up the task of managing the affairs of Union and State with greater ability and vigor than they have been conducted in the past.

It was a most impressive and instructive plain heart-to-heart talk and we only regret that it is impossible to print it here in full. But that is out of the question because Mr. Gorton did not even have a note to refer to, but spoke spontaneously as the occasion inspired him, and thus an excellent address is lost to those who did not hear his remarks.

HOFFMAN-KOENIG NUPTIALS.

Miss Margaret Koenig and Mr. J. R. Hoffman United in Marriage at Noon To-day.

At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Leonard Koenig, on Water street this borough, at high noon to-day, June 1, 1911, Miss Margaret Koenig and Mr. J. R. Hoffman, also of this borough, were united in marriage, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, performing the ceremony.

The beautiful and impressive ring service of the Episcopal church was used and the ceremony was witnessed by only the immediate relatives of the young couple and a few of their most intimate friends.

Immediately after the ceremony a dainty luncheon was served and amid the congratulations and well wishes of those assembled, they started on their honeymoon trip in Dr. Chadwick's automobile. They will be [illegible] about two weeks and will visit Battle Creek, Mich., and other Western points, after which they will be at home to their friends in Smethport.

The bride is a popular young lady in Smethport's younger set and has recently filled a position in the store of The Lindholm Co. The groom is a well-known young man who has been connected with the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle Co. for some time. Both have many friends in Smethport who wish them a long life of wedded bliss.

OLEAN DEFEATS SMETHPORT.

Westbrook's Commercial College Team Wins by a Score of 4 to 1.

The second game of baseball played on the home grounds by the Smethport High School team, was pulled off at Kane Field Tuesday afternoon with a team from Westbrook's Commercial College of Olean and resulted in a victory for the visitors by a score of 4 to 1. Both teams played good ball and the defeat of the home team was due to the superior stick work and coaching of the visitors.

The summary is as follows:

Olean	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Walsh, 3b	3	0	0	3	2	0
Edwin, c	4	0	1	12	2	0
Durant, s	4	1	2	1	1	1
Murphy, 2b	4	1	1	1	1	1
Anderson, lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Scott, cf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Lafferty, lb	4	0	1	9	0	0
Odell, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Crowin, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Total	35	4	8	27	8	1

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Brownell, ss	3	0	0	1	1	1
Day, 3b	3	0	0	2	1	0
Kelly, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Donahue, p	3	0	0	1	5	0
Schumacher, lb	3	0	1	12	0	1
White, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Parker, cf	3	0	0	1	2	0
Bolton, 2b	3	0	0	4	2	0
Darling, c	3	0	0	8	1	1
Total	27	0	1	27	13	3

Score by innings:

Olean	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	x	4
Smethport	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1

Struck out—by Crowin, 12; by Donahue, 6.

WANTED—Salesmen; teas, coffees, hotels, family trade; will open store for live young salesman and place him in management if he demonstrates ability. Grand chance for young salesman wishing life-time opportunity. Address

BRANCH STORE,
123 Main St.,
May31-2t* ..... Bradford, Pa.

For Sale.

Two rugs and two stoves. For particulars inquire of
May25-tf J. W. LEE.

For Sale or Rent.

My house on South street, this borough. Inquire of
May18-tf E. M. CHEESEMAN.

GOVERNOR SIGNS SPROUL ROAD BILL YESTERDAY

Provides for Nearly 8000 Miles of State Road in Pennsylvania

McKEAN COUNTY GETS 170 MILES

Which is Nearly 22 Per Cent. of the Road Mileage in County.—General State Average of 8.31 Per Cent.—State Will Take Charge June 1, 1912.

Yesterday Governor Tener signed the Sproul Road Bill, which provides for the taking over by the State of 7,900 miles of road in this Commonwealth.

These roads designated in this bill will be taken over by the State Highway Commission on June 1, 1912, and will be kept in repair by the State and at the expense of the State from that time on.

Within a short time the State Highway Commission will send out surveyors and make complete surveys and maps of these roads, changing their courses when advisable and by June 1, 1912, they will be ready to go on with the work of improving the roads under the State supervision and making macadam or other permanent roads as fast as finances will permit. At this session of the Legislature $1,000,000 was appropriated to carry on this work which amounts to an average of $500 per mile.

McKean county is very fortunate in its allotment of State roads. We have 552 miles of public road in this county and 170 miles of these roads will be taken over by the State, which is nearly 21.3 per cent., while the general average in the State is only about 8.3 per cent. This is due to its proximity to the State line and its peculiar location regarding connecting county seats.

Smethport is particularly lucky in the allotment of roads. One road runs from here up Marvin creek through Hazelhurst, Mt. Jewett, Kane and Ludlow, to the Warren county line. Another up Potato creek, through Crosby, Colegrove and Norwich to Emporium in Cameron county. Another through East Smethport and over Bush Hill through Port Allegany and on to Coudersport, Potter county. Another down Potato creek through Farmers Valley, Coryville, Larabee and Eldred to Bullis Mills and the New York State line. This also includes a route from Farmers Valley, through Coleville and New City to Bradford, connecting with the macadam road out of that city. The river road from Port Allegany, through Turtle Point and Sartwell to Larabee is also to be taken over by the State.

At Eldred another road starts leading through Duke Center and Red Rock to Bradford. From Bradford the State road goes through Custer City, Marshburg and Cornplanter and connects with the Smethport-Warren road. And another road starts at Mt. Jewett, going through Kushequa; Mt. Alton, Lafayette and Lewis Run to Bradford, making in all about 170 miles.

TWO BANDS IN SMETHPORT.

I. O. O. F. Band Splits and We Now Have Two Organizations.

One day last week twelve members of the I. O. O. F. band withdrew from that organization and re-organized under the name of The Citizens' Band of Smethport. At the meeting the following officers were elected: Fred Anderson, president; A. E. Quirk, secretary; James T. Chisholm, George Hyde, Alfred Bush, board of directors. The Citizens' Band is now composed of the following members: James Quirk, clarinet and leader; Fred Anderson, Alfred Bush, cornets; George Hyde, Murl Dickinson, Arthur Witt, altos; F. C. Burlingame, Howard Acre, trombones; Jas. T. Chisholm, baritone; A. E. Quirk, bass; C. B. Dickinson, Francis Quirk, drums. This new band played in the Memorial Day services and made a good impression.

The withdrawal of the above named members from the I. O. O. F. band does not seem to effect that well-known organization to any great extent. The I. O. O. F. band took part in the Memorial Day parade and exercises and gave a good account of themselves. They appeared twelve strong and presented an excellent appearance, and the music rendered was fully up to their usually pleasing standard.

THE SCHOOL CODE.

Important Changes This New Law Will Make.

The new School Code which has recently become a law will make various changes of local interest. Here are some changes which are of interest to the people:

All present school boards, except in independent districts, will continue in office until the first Monday in December. Full boards will be elected at the election in November and take their places on the first Monday in December.

Present boards will reorganize at their first meeting in June, or as soon as possible thereafter, and their officers will continue to serve until the first Monday in December.

Present school boards can elect teachers who will serve through the ensuing school year.

Text books and school supplies will, until January 1, be selected and adopted under the old laws.

The present fiscal year will be extended one month and will expire on the first Monday in July next. The auditing of these accounts cannot be done until after the first Monday in July.

Taxes will be levied this year in the manner and times as heretofore.

The code divides the school districts in the state into four classes, according to their population. All independent school districts will be abolished and absorbed into the townships to which they belong after July 1, 1911.

A new state board of education will consist of seven persons of whom the superintendent of public instruction shall be one. The other six members are appointed by the governor. Their duties are largely advisory to the governor, the legislature and the superintendent of public instruction.

Teachers' provisional certificates embrace the same branches as now, except that the examinations in history will include history of Pennsylvania. Those who begin teaching after this can teach only five years on provisional certificates, but those who have been may continue indefinitely.

The present kind of professional certificate will be abolished, but teachers who have held professional certificates less than a year cannot have them renewed as heretofore valid for one more year.

Those who have held professional certificates for ten years past may have them made good for life in the counties or districts whose superintendents issued them by the indorsement of the proper superintendent. The new professional certificates will be granted by superintendents to teachers who have taught in the public schools for two years and who pass examinations in two of the high school branches specified in the law and have carefully read two approved books on teaching.

These professional certificates are good for three years. They can be renewed twice for three years each by the county or district superintendent, but only after their holders have each time passed two more of the specified high school branches and showed a satisfactory acquaintance with two or more approved books on teaching.

After July 1 permanent state certificates will be granted to teachers who have held professional certificates for two years, upon their passing examinations. No teachers' certificates of any kind can be granted until the applicant furnishes a certificate from a physician that the applicant is neither mentally nor physically disqualified on account of tuberculosis or other defect to teach. Such certificates must be filled out upon blanks furnished by the state superintendent.

Children between 8 and 16 must go to school during the entire term, except that in boroughs and townships of less than 5000 population the school board may excuse them for 30 per cent. of the term, and children over 14 who can read and write intelligently may be excused if they have employment during school hours.

Medical inspection of all children in the public schools is compulsory and is made at the expense of the district. In boroughs and townships of less than 5000 people medical inspection will be made by the state department unless the school boards notify the state commissioner of health before July 1 of each year that they do not wish medical inspection in part or all of their schools. Special attention must be given to the sight and hearing of the pupils. The medical inspector is also required to examine the privies, cellars, water supply and sanitary conditions generally.

A TERRIBLE AUTOMOBILE FATALITY.

H. S. Sartwell and Family of Olean Meet With Awful Accident.

MR. SARTWELL DIES FROM INJURY

Mrs. Sartwell Seriously Injured, But Is Recovering—Mrs. Cowper Escapes With Bruises and Mrs. Worden and Son are Uninjured—Car Overturned While Going Down a Hill.

Henry S. Sartwell, the well-known proprietor of the Olean House, Olean, N. Y., and a former resident of this place, was killed in an automobile accident about one mile out of Gowanda, N. Y., at about 1 o'clock 1st Friday afternoon and his wife received serious injuries and their daughter, Mrs. George Cowper, was badly shaken up and bruised, but no bones were broken.

The party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Sartwell, their two daughters, Mrs. I. E. Worden and Mrs. George Cowper, and John Worden, a young son of Mrs. Worden, and the chauffeur, Julius Foder, left Olean for Buffalo Friday morning. When about a mile outside of Gowanda the chauffeur lost control of his car while going down a hill. The car, which was a six-cylinder Winton, zig-zagged down the hill for a distance and finally turned upon its side, throwing out the passengers.

Mr. Sartwell was thrown out against a wire fence and it is thought that he must have struck a post which injured him internally. The rest of the party were also thrown out and Mrs. Sartwell and Mrs. Cowper were painfully injured, the other members of the party escaped with only a bad shaking up. At first it was thought that Mrs. Sartwell had received fatal injuries, but luckily such proved not to be the case, although her condition is quite serious, and Mrs. Cowper's injured consisted of only few bruises.

Another automobile party who were only a few minutes behind them, assisted the injured to a nearby farm house and summoned medical assistance. Mr. Sartwell suffered with internal hemmorhages from which he died about two hours after the accident. Mrs. Sartwell received a severe scalp wound and was badly bruised about the body and suffered terribly from shock, but is improving now and no serious results are anticipated in her case.

As soon as news of the accident reached Olean, I. E. Worden, son-in-law of Mr. Sartwell, sent word to Buffalo to have surgeons, with hospital tents and nurses sent immediately to the scene of the accident and he hurried to the assistance of the stricken members of the family. The body of Mr. Sartwell was removed to Olean Saturday afternoon, but Mrs. Sartwell's condition was such that she could not be moved at the time, but it is expected that she will be able to be taken to her home some time this week. According to late reports she is resting comfortably in the hospital tent provided at a point near where the accident happened.

The funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the family apartments of the Olean House, and his remains were laid at rest in the Olean cemetery. The floral tributes to his many friends were unusually beautiful and numerous.

Henry S. Sartwell was born in Smethport, April 1, 1848, and was therefore 62 years of age. He spent his early life in Smethport and was deputy sheriff under his uncle, Roswell Sartwell in the late 70s. For a number of years he conducted the Grand Central Hotel here, and in 1887, he moved to Olean and took charge of the Olean House, which he conducted that popular hostelry up to the time of his death.

He was a man who made many friends both in and out of business and his sudden and untimely death will be keenly mourned by a large circle of friends in Smethport and Olean as well as by the traveling public that made its headquarters at the Olean House when in that city.

He is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. I. E. Worden and Mrs. George Cowper of Olean, and two sisters, Mrs. Eugene Quackenbush and Miss Mary Sartwell, who reside in the west, who will deeply mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband, father and brother.

KILLED BY B., R. & P. TRAIN.

William Peterson Meets Death While Walking From Limestone to Bradford.

William Peterson, aged 22 years, was killed by a B., R. & P. train Saturday night at a point about one mile this side of State Line. His body was discovered early Sunday morning and Coroner Sherman notified.

It is not known how the young man happened to be in that vicinity, but it is thought that he had been to Limestone and had missed the last trolley car and had started to walk to Bradford. He was employed at the Crandall Cutlery company's plant on Barbour street, and lived with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson, of West Williams street. He did not work Saturday, but received his pay. When found he had $1.50 in cash in his pockets, but there was nothing else about him to assist in his identification by the authorities. The body was brought to Still's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial.

It is supposed that the B., R. & P. train due in this city at 12:44 a. m., was the train that struck Peterson and killed him. The body was hurled against an embankment and then bounded further on, about 15 feet. The neck and back were broken as were both legs. The body was mutilated badly.

Peterson leaves, besides his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson of West Williams street, three sisters, Mrs. George Knight of East Main street; Mrs. Nettie Bennett, of the Bennett Brook road, and Mrs. Nancy Poupart of Olean.

Peterson was a well known young man and honest and upright in every way.—His parents and sisters will have much sympathy.—Bradford Era.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Program of Events of the Smethport High School.

The exercises and events of Commencement week of the Smethport High School start this evening with a banquet at the Wright House and until next Thursday evening when the graduation exercises will be held at the Lyceum it will be a very busy week for the Class of 1911. The program is as follows:

Junior-Senior Banquet, Thursday evening, June 1, Wright House.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 4, 7:30 p. m., Episcopal church, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.

Junior Class Play, The Merchant of Venice, Tuesday evening June 6, Lyceum.

Class Day Exercises, Wednesday afternoon, 3 o'clock, June 7, Lyceum.

Graduation Exercises, Lyceum, Thursday evening, 8:15 o'clock, June 8. Orator, Prof. Weber, Dean of Summer School, State College, Pa.

MESSAGE FROM THE DUKE.

He Will Be Here With the Junior Class on Tuesday, June 6.

Venice, May 31. (Special to The Miner, by cablegram.)—The Duke of Venice has made special arrangements to enable him to accept the invitation of the Junior Class of the Smethport High School for June 6. He has chartered a special vessel and will sail immediately with all his company. The great play which he attends will furnish an occasion for the people of Smethport to realize what a gorgeous spectacle the costuming of a modern presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" affords. Antonio will wear the great sword of State and Shylock with his gaberdine will only be equalled by Portia's statelliness and wisdom. That no one shall miss the greatest play ever presented in Smethport, is the great desire of the Duke.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

The County Board of Farmers' Institute Managers will meet at the county commissioners' office on the second Tuesday of June, to arrange for the place where institutes are to be held this season. All of our people who desire institutes, ought to attend this meeting and present their claims. This Board is composed of local members of the State Board of Agriculture, and one representative from each county Agricultural society, the Pomona Grange and County Alliance. If you find that you cannot attend this meeting, address a letter with your request to Chairman of Board of Institute Managers, care of County Commissioners.

Lost.

Somewhere between Eldred and Norwich Corners, one Auto Chain. Finder please leave at Imperial hotel.

Pursuit of Billy Boldface

Humiliating Experience of a Professional Thief

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Henry Sanderson had been working through New England and doing fairly well, but money would not stay in his hands. He called himself unlucky. In Bangor he had a narrow escape. He shifted to Portland, and the police moved him along. Finally he landed in New York without so much as a coin to fee the porter.

At this point the luck turned. Sanderson went to call upon a friend and found him in high feather. He had just done a stroke of knavery, and, with the profits in his fingers, he thought himself a very clever man.

"You always were a square man, Harry," said this person, "and if you

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO VISIT YOUR AUNT."

say I owe you money it goes. Here's a hundred, and I wish you luck."

The debt was in reality somewhat larger, but Sanderson took the money gratefully. He had never expected to see it.

During the past three years he had favored the metropolis with only an occasional brief visit, and he had never been well known there. So he had no fears and strolled about with freedom after enjoying a good breakfast. Toward 1 o'clock he looked in at a fashionable jeweler's on Fifth avenue with no definite intent, but merely to take a chance if one should offer, and there he saw a brisk, cheery young man buy a beautiful diamond brooch.

The purchaser was one of those care free, happy-go-lucky fellows who would as soon carry $5,000 worth of diamonds in an overcoat pocket as anywhere else, and Sanderson was naturally interested. Sure enough, the brooch went into the overcoat pocket, but indeckily the day was chilly, and the young man was no slickler for the niceties of formal behavior. Although he carried a cane, he thrust both hands into his pockets, the cane standing straight up behind his shoulder.

This was disappointing, but of course the young man would have to take his hands out of his pockets eventually, and Sanderson followed along, nourishing brilliant hopes. Thus they walked up the avenue until they came to a florist's shop, which they entered. The man with the diamonds used a telephone which was standing open upon a counter. Sanderson bought $2 worth of violets and heard the near end of the conversation.

"Hello!" said the young man. "Is that 1205 Thirty eighth?" Apparently it was. "This is Mr. Hazard. I want to talk with your manager." What about? The manager would know. Very well. A pause. "Is that the manager? I am Mr. Hazard. Have you picked out my boy?" Seemingly he had. "He must be a smart, good looking boy. You understand, with a new uniform and everything first class." The response seemed to satisfy Mr. Hazard. "All right. Send him to my rooms. Let him bring his bag with him. He's to go on the limited this afternoon. As for his honesty, you're responsible of course. Very well. Good-by."

Mr. Hazard hung up the telephone, paid for its use and departed, with Mr. Sanderson still in his wake.

Here fell in a piece of bad luck. Mr. Hazard lodged at a club. Any other domicile for bachelors Mr. Sanderson would have found some excuse to enter, but questions in a club are too definite. He waited outside. However, there should be no difficulty in identifying a good looking messenger boy in a new uniform and carrying a bag.

Within half an hour the boy appeared. There could be no doubt about him. He was the pick of 10,000 for such a job. Mr. Sanderson knew that if it were himself that was sending a beautiful diamond brooch to a sweetheart somewhere on the route of the afternoon limited express he would not ask a better messenger. A clean built, full chested boy, fifteen years old or thereabouts, with bright blue eyes, a bold nose, a clear skin and a square jaw, this youngster looked quite capable of defending the brooch against the wiles of Satan.

"I'll have no easy time with you, Billy Boldface," said Sanderson to himself.

This conviction was strengthened when the boy reappeared after a considerable interval. Mr. Hazard was with him to see him to the train, and, doubtless, the diamonds were already in the boy's traveling bag, for they would hardly be transferred from hand to hand in the station. Such being the case, an ordinary boy would have shown some consciousness of his errand; he would have been absurdly careful of the bag; would have affected a shrewd and cautious demeanor to impress his employer and gratify his own romantic vanity.

Not so, Billy Boldface; he was quite at his ease, a match for Mr. Hazard in the proud indifference of his demeanor.

"It's going to be a good game," said he.

And Sanderson was not alone in his admiration of Billy. Mr. Hazard was clearly delighted with him. He bought him a ticket for Chicago and a lower berth in a sleeper.

A trifling exercise of professional skill enabled Sanderson to secure the upper berth in the same section with the boy, and thus an easy acquaintance was assured, for they must sit together during the balance of the afternoon and evening. In fact, Billy showed no backwardness in entering upon a conversation with this chance companion of a journey, and, though he fled with sweet serenity about his errand, he seemed otherwise as frank as heart could wish. It appeared that his name was really William, and this coincidence impressed the superstitious Sanderson as an excellent omen.

"So you're going to Chicago to visit your aunt?" said Sanderson. "Well, well! I'll gamble the old lady will be proud of you. You certainly do look fine in that new uniform."

"I wouldn't wear it," said Billy, meeting the other's eye as squarely as anybody could meet the eye of Sanderson, "if it wasn't the only decent suit I've got."

"It looks businesslike," said Sanderson. "It's a nice rig. Where does your aunt live?" he asked. And Billy gave an address on Michigan avenue without the delay of a fraction of a second.

"Fine location," said Sanderson, smothering a smile.

"Yes, indeed," responded Billy. And he proceeded to describe the house with great particularity both without and within.

After they passed Albany Sanderson invited Billy to dinner, and they had a cheery meal.

After dinner they sat together in the sleeper, and Billy confessed that he was looking forward with unusual pleasure to his night's repose.

"I was up till after 2 this morning," he said, "and on the job again at 8. We're short of boys, and I've been doing a double trick. I'm near dead for sleep."

Sanderson perceived that this was the simple truth, and he was not displeased. It was a certainty that Billy would fall into a sleep from which nothing short of a collision could wake him. The diamonds were as good as won. Probably the trick could be turned before the train reached Buffalo, and Sanderson could leave it at that point with the material for his long dreamed of trip abroad in his pocket.

"Well, Billy, my boy," he said, "if you're in bed I'll go and have a smoke. You'll be found asleep when I come back, and I'll take good care not to disturb you, but we'll have a bite of breakfast together tomorrow morning before you go up to your aunt's."

"I ain't going to her house right away," said Billy. "I'm going to a hotel first."

"What hotel?"

"The Hotel Donovan."

"I'll go there too," said Sanderson.

When Sanderson returned from the smoking compartment Billy was sound asleep.

"I can't believe that this is so easy," he said to himself. "Seems too good to be true."

He examined the boy's clothing with a practiced hand. No diamonds there—of course not! Under his head? No. Anywhere about the bed clothes? No. Must be in his grip? Yes, here's my little sparkler. Careless, careless! I shouldn't have thought it of you, Billy. Hello—empty! Nothing but the jewel case, eh? Well, this is a little more like Billy, as I sized him up in the beginning.

Sanderson was now upon his mettle, and he went to work in earnest. It was all in vain.

He then tried an expedient which had sometimes given good results in similar difficulties. He turned the sleeping boy upon his back and applied a slight pressure with his thumb just below the breast bone. Billy speedily passed from the bright land of dreams to the grim wilderness of nightmares, but Sanderson knew how to regulate the amount of this torture. Presently he got Billy talking.

"Huh!" muttered Billy. "Thinks he can do me, eh? Well, well, well! Nothing to it, nothing to it. Safe as a church."

Sanderson experimented as long as he dared and got no results except variations of the expressions already recorded. Billy would occasionally mutter the word "diamonds," and once he said, "Mr. Hazard," but as to the concealment of the brooch he gave no information except in such phrases as "They're all right." "Couldn't find 'em in a million years." "Give 'em to him if he gets 'em," and the like.

So Sanderson finally had to desist and own himself beaten for the time. He was still confident, however, that he could get the brooch in the morning. He couldn't find the thing himself. He must watch and see Billy find it. And in the morning he watched. Ah! A keen and educated eye had Harry Sanderson—an eye that knew the tricks—yet it saw nothing.

The train was on time, and by half past 8 o'clock Billy and Sanderson were breakfasting in a restaurant near the station.

After breakfast they walked five blocks to the Hotel Donovan, and then the crowning misfortune descended upon Sanderson, as he thought, not knowing that much worse was in store for him. His feet were barely upon the threshold of the hotel when he saw directly in his path the stock form and iron visage of a former acquaintance, Michael Wortley, formerly the chief of detectives for the Maine Central railroad and now attached to the Hotel Donovan in the same capacity. There was no other man on earth that Sanderson would not rather have seen.

Wortley merely waved his hand. There were guests within a yard of him who noticed nothing, but Sanderson saw and understood and vanished. He evaporated like a wisp of the vapor of morning; so silently that even clever Billy did not know that anything was happening. Filled with rage and bitterness, at odds with the universe and protesting against the injustice of the cosmic law, Sanderson walked across to the Hotel Clifford, and it seemed to him that he walked with a limp and feebly. He felt that he was growing old.

"To be done this way by a kid," he groaned, "and then to run dat against Mike Wortley! It ain't right. I've got no right to have such luck as that."

These expressions he repeated in his room as he walked back and forth, nervously chewing the end of a black cigar. Surely for Mr. Sanderson the world had fallen into a state of rank decay. There was neither sweetness nor promise in it any more.

Suddenly the door resounded to a thumping summons. Merely by instinct Sanderson glanced to the window. There was no fire escape.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Only me," answered a serene voice. "Just Billy."

Sanderson put his hand to his brow for a moment. Then he flung open the door. In strode Billy and Mike Wortley.

"It's in his grip," said Billy.

"What's in my grip?" cried Sanderson.

"Oh, just a few diamonds," responded Billy; "nothing much, as we figure 'em in New York."

"Wortley," exclaimed Sanderson, "this ain't so. I never took anything off this kid. I give you my word for that."

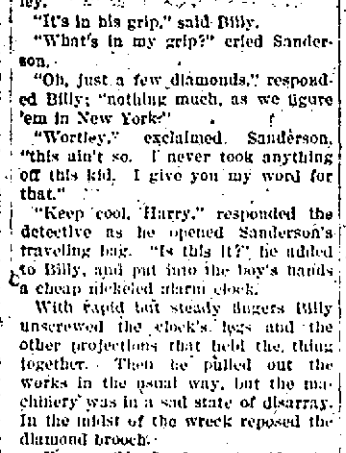
"Keep cool, Harry," responded the detective as he opened Sanderson's traveling bag. "Is this it?" he added to Billy, and put into the boy's hands a cheap nickeled alarm clock.

With rapid but steady fingers Billy unscrewed the clock's legs and the other projections that held the thing together. Then he pulled out the works in the usual way, but the machinery was in a sad state of disarray. In the midst of the wreck reposed the diamond brooch.

"You see, Mr. Sanderson," said Billy, "I know what you were after just as soon as you showed up. I don't want to be disrespectful, but—but you look it, you know. There's an eager, hungry eye in your head, Mr. Sanderson. I've seen lots like you. And then when you stood all that guff about my aunt of course I knew you must be gunning for me."

"And I knew you'd get the goods too. You're a clever man, that's what you are, and the odds against me were too big. I told you the straight truth when I said that I'd been losing sleep for a week. There was no mortal chance that I could keep awake, and if I didn't the diamonds were yours. There was no use hiding 'em in any ordinary way; there was nobody that I could give 'em to. I was hard pushed. But at last my peepers rested on that clock in your grip, which I was overhauling at the time—you being in the smoker burning tobacco and having golden dreams. Nobody uses an alarm clock on a sleeper, says I, and this thing is broken anyhow. Moreover, Mr. Sanderson will stick to me so long as he hasn't found the diamonds—it will be easier to rob him than to prevent him from robbing me.

"So I dug the innards out of the clock and chucked them through the



"IT'S IN HIS GRIP," SAID BILLY.

window, and I put the diamonds in their place. Then I lay down and slept in peace, knowing that I could get the diamonds in the morning. I never dreamed of Mr. Wortley here. I tell you, Mr. Sanderson, I can forgive you easier than him—he surely turned my heart upside down.

"But it's all mended now, and everybody happy. I'm making no complaint against you, Mr. Sanderson, and if you are going back to New York on the limited this afternoon I'll be glad to renew our acquaintance, and I'll treat you right as you treated me coming out. And here's a dollar to pay for any damage I may have done to the clock."

Johnnie and Eudie

A Story Told by a Vet to His Grandchildren on Memorial Day

By F. A. Mitchel

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Now, grandpa, this is Memorial day, and you promised when it came round you'd tell us a story about the war in which you took part. Come; we're all ready."

"Very well, my dear; I suppose I'll have to keep my promise."

A girl of seven perched herself on the broad arm of a piazza chair; Tommy climbed up on one knee, Billy on the other, and all waited eagerly for the story, which I began as follows:

"When I was a soldier boy in the Federal army—I was nineteen years old at the time I'm going to tell you about—we were fighting in Virginia. One day the general—we'll call him General Bumble."

"General Bumblebee?" asked Billy.

"Yes, General Bumblebee, if you like. He was a real general, but what I'm going to tell you happened so long ago that I've forgotten some of the names. So I'll make 'em up as I go along. Well, General Bumblebee sent for a friend of mine, a very particular friend, and he looked like me too."

"What was his name?" asked Tommy.

"His name? Why, his name was—Johnny Spy."

"That's a funny name. Call 'em all by those made up names."

"Johnny Spy went to General Bumblebee's headquarters, and the general said to him:

"'Corporal'—Johnny was a corporal—'your captain recommends you as a good man to go down into the enemy's lines to secure information.' Now, the southern general—what shall we call him?"

"You give him his name, grandpa."

"We'll call him General Gobble."

"Turkey Gobble?"

"Yes; Turkey Gobble if you like. General Bee told Johnny Spy to go down dressed up like somebody else so that the Confederates wouldn't know him, look about, find out what they were going to do and come back and tell the general.

"The next day a farmer's boy with a faded straw hat on his head and rough clothes and driving a cow got mixed up with the Confederate pickets.

"I know who that was," said the girl, Alice. "That was Johnny Spy."

"You're right. Johnny told them that his home was back of their lines, and they let him go through. But after he got in the rear of the picket line somehow Johnny and his cow got separated and were not seen together any more.

"There were a great many peddlers following the armies on both sides who carried baskets full of cheap watches and jewelry that they sold to the soldiers at high prices. The morning after Johnny came into the Confederate camp one of these peddlers was going about selling watches and scarf pins."

"Was he Johnny?" asked Tom.

"Yes; he was Johnny."

"Where did he get his watches and things?"

"From another peddler. You see, the general had given him plenty of money, and he bought a whole basketful. Johnny persuaded a family to let him stay with them awhile and soon found out that they were Union people. For awhile he pretended to be very bitter against the north, but there was a young girl in the family that Johnny took a shine to, and after awhile he told her that he was a Union soldier in disguise. You see, he wanted her to help him get information."

"What was her name?"

"Her name? Why, I reckon we'll call her Eudoxia."

"That's the funniest name for a girl I ever heard!" exclaimed Alice.

"It's the name of a Roman empress who lived at Constantinople."

"Does she live there now?"

"Not very likely, since she reigned some 1,500 years ago. The house this Union family lived in was right in among the Confederate camps, and Johnny Spy and Eudoxia found out a good many things for Johnny to tell General Bumblebee when he got back. It was an awful risky thing to do, for if they caught Johnny they would hang him up by the neck till he was as dead as the Empress Eudoxia."

"What's Eudoxia's short name?" asked Alice. "Eudie?"

"Yes, indeed, Eudie. I'll call her that after this. Eudie was very much worried for fear the Confederates would find out that Johnny was a Union soldier, and, sure enough, one day Johnny found himself in trouble. You see, he had been within the Confederate lines before, and one of the soldiers recognized him—that is, the soldier thought he did, but when he had seen him Johnny was dressed as a curate. So the man wasn't certain.

"Eudie heard about it and told Johnny. He made up his mind to get out of that region as quickly as possible, and Eudie agreed to go part way with him, for they hoped that the two might pass for brother and sister when they got where they were not known. Johnny wanted to go to his room for some papers, but didn't dare. In a while they changed their attire garments. Eudie cut off her long hair that reached nearly to her ankles and fixed it up as a wig for Johnny. They had just finished—Eudie in Johnny's trousers and Johnny in her dress, with her hair coiled up on the top of his head—when they met some Confederate cavalrymen coming from the opposite direction. The general of another part of the Confederate army had received a telegram from General Gobble to head off a young farmer's boy and girl and hold on to the boy. The troopers took Eudie, whom they supposed to be the boy, and let Johnny go where he liked.

"Eudie was confronted by the man who had recognized Johnny. Of course he said she wasn't the one he meant, but, having on Johnny's clothes, looked suspicious. Besides, as soon as they suspected Johnny was a spy they searched the room in which he had slept and found the papers he had left there. They contained information about the Confederate army.

"So Eudie was brought before a lot of officers and tried. They didn't get together to find out whether she was a spy or not, but to hang her, according to army law, which, I fancy, is pretty poor law, but very effective with guilty persons. They fixed it so that they could hang her according to orders, and, since they didn't like to waste any time in carrying them out, she was to be hanged at 10 o'clock the next day."

"Oh, my; grandpa!" exclaimed Alice. "Wasn't that awful?"

"It seems so, but it really wasn't. Eudie could get off by telling them she wasn't a boy at all, but she wouldn't do it till the last moment, because she wanted to give Johnny all the time she possibly could to get away. But she put off letting them know she was a girl till she brought upon herself all the danger of being a spy. She let them put the rope around her neck before she said a word about it. Then they wouldn't believe her.

"'Don't hang me,' she said. 'I'm no spy. I'm not even a boy. I'm a girl.'

"The hanging was under the direction of the provost marshal, who said: 'I know what you're after. You want to gain a little time till we can investigate?'

"'That won't do, major,' interposed the officer of the day, who was present. 'I've been suspicious of this case all along. I think we'd better send her down to the hospital tent, where there are a couple of women nurses, and find out about the matter.'

"The provost marshal gave in, and they sent Eudie under guard to the hospital tent. When they learned that she was really a girl they asked her what she meant by masquerading as a boy, but she wouldn't tell them, fearing that Johnny hadn't got beyond the Confederate lines and she might compromise him. So they let Eudie go home.

"Johnny ran away in the wood and was awfully afraid that when the Confederates found out they had captured the wrong person and let the right one go they would hunt all over for him. He walked toward the Federal lines for awhile, then, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs, he crawled into a hollow log. A company of southern cavalry were going through the wood, and some of them jumped their horses over the very log that Johnny was hidden in. He was sure they were looking for him, but at that time it was not known that Eudie was not Johnny, and his fears caused him to be mistaken. However, they were just as dangerous to him as if they had been looking for him, because if they had found a girl loitering in the wood they might have suspected something.

"Johnny didn't dare crawl out of the log till it was dark. Then he looked up at the north star and walked toward it till he saw lights and knew that they marked the Federal camps. He must have gone through the Confederate pickets without knowing it, for suddenly he heard a click and a voice, 'Who comes there?' He answered: 'Friend. Don't shoot. Take me to General Bee.'

"The picket called a corporal, and Johnny was taken to the general's tent. The general was asleep, but Johnny's information was so important that an aid-de-camp waked him up, and Johnny told him what he had learned. And that's the end of the story."

"What became of Johnny, grandpa?" asked little Billy.

"And what became of Eudie?" asked Alice.

"After the war Johnny went down into Virginia and found Eudie, and they were married."

"Where did they go to live?"

"They came up here to Johnny's home."

"Are they alive now?"

"Yes."

"Are they any children's grandpa and grandma?"

"Yes."

"Whose?"

"Yours."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Alice. "You don't mean that grandma is Eudie?"

"She is."

"And you are Johnny Spy?" asked Tommy, with eyes wide open.

"I am."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed all.

"Did all that really happen, grandpa," asked Tommy, "or did you make it up?"

"It really happened. The civil war was so full of such adventures that if they were all written out a million books wouldn't contain them all. Many of our officers and men could tell such stories or could have told them," I added, "for our ranks are as thin as after the Wilderness and soon will cease to be entirely."

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Hahn.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Sexton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. B. Cary, Corryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hyde.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Worsley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Hasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Hadsell, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hubbs.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 350, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGeehan, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Send for 148 New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; state your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, 52 Land Title Bldg., Phila.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SAGER, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 1, 1911

Local and General.

—Twas a beautiful Memorial Day.

—Smethport now has two bands—the I. O. O. F. and the Citizens.

—John McCarthy has laid a new cement walk in front of his home on East Main street.

—St. Luke's Guild will hold a cooked food sale at the Parish House, June 3rd, from 3 until 5 o'clock. Come and secure some of the good things.

—Have you any news, tell the editor and he will serve it in a la mode. In case you do not happen to meet him, use the telephone or the mail. You will be helping to make your town paper of greater interest and thereby serve the general community. Whatever news interests you, must surely interest many others.

—Hereafter there will be no "green tea." At least it can not be sold as green tea. It must be sold as "colored tea," for that is what it is—colored, the green not being its natural state. The natural color of the dried leaf is yellow, and hereafter it will be imported without coloring. It will not change the taste any and will be as rich as still.

—An attempt to commit suicide by drinking carbolic acid was made in front of the post office Sunday by a man said to be Judd Cooper. His wife, Emily Cooper, was with him at the time he attempted to take the poison, and knocked it from his hands as he placed it to his mouth. His mouth was burned by the acid, and her hands and arms were both badly burned. It is said that he was intoxicated at the time.—Port Allegany Argus.

—We believe that crude oil sprinkled on macadam is one of the best and cheapest preservations known. Near Bradford this is being done in front of Mr. Moore's property and it is apparently having the desired effect. No dust arises from this part of the road and therefore it does not wear out anywhere near as fast as it does in places where the dust is constantly being thrown into adjoining fields.

—Eugene F. McCann of this city, has received from Governor Tener, an appointment as special agent of the dairy and pure food bureau of the state agriculture department. Mr. McCann's duties will be to inspect foods sold in various parts of the state. His headquarters will be in this city. Mr. McCann is well qualified to fill the important duties of his position and will unquestionably prove a competent official. The appointment carries with it a good salary and Mr. McCann is receiving the congratulations of his hosts of friends.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Telegrams from Munich, Germany, report a duel in the neighboring village of Dorfen, between two boys, 14 and 12 years old, respectively. After a quarrel the boys decided to settle their differences in accordance with the best German traditions, on the field of honor. Taking up positions at a distance of 30 paces, they opened fire with small caliber sporting rifles. The younger boy was hit in the eye at the first exchange of shots, and was so badly wounded that he had to be taken to Munich to have an operation performed. No arrests appear to have been made.

—Tobe Nack, one of the Mitchelson's who was shot at James City on Saturday, May 20, and who has been here in the hospital ever since, died Sunday afternoon. He was shot above the heart and little hopes were entertained for his recovery from the start. The funeral was held this morning from the Catholic church at nine o'clock. The friends of the deceased are creating a fund among themselves that will be used to help locate the murderers. The county commissioners of Elk county will probably make a donation in order to bring these men to justice.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Sherman Burton of Eldred drove into Portville in her automobile and stopped in front of the school building. She got out and went into the school building and asked for her little daughter, Ruth. The child, who is about nine years old, is living with her father in Portville, her parents having, it is said, separated. When the little girl went out in the hall, it is reported that the mother seized her by her neck and began dragging her down the stairs with the intensible purpose of carrying her away with her [illegible] automobile, says the Olean Herald. The child screamed and some teachers hastily came out into the hall to her rescue. Mrs. Burton, finding that she had been defeated in her alleged purpose to abduct the child, entered the automobile and was driven away.

MUSICAL MOUNTAINS.

Singing Cliffs in the Pyrenees and Roaring Sands in Hawaii.

In certain parts of the world are mountains and hills which are said by the natives to sing. In the Pyrenees certain cliffs emit plaintive sounds resembling the strains of a harp. Two other cliffs in the same chain are called the "storers." When the wind is in the southwest they send forth a peculiar sound not altogether musical. The faces of these cliffs are marked by deep gullies, open in front, which may be compared to the pipes of an organ. At certain times a stratum of air, held between the cliffs and bordering trees, closes the openings while the wind blows freely between through the gullies, or organ pipes, behind, hence the music that is heard.

At the confluence of the Orinoco and the Rio Meta are granite cliffs which sing at sunrise. Humboldt refers to the phenomenon as the musical stones of the Orinoco. The music is caused by the rush of the expanding air through fissures partly closed by mica.

Many more examples might be cited to show that nature makes use of principles which have been adopted by man in the creation of musical sounds. Nor are the musical sounds of nature confined to rocks, mountains and hills, for in Hawaii is a sand bank fifty feet high which, when the hand is moved about in the loose sand, produces a sound like that of a melodeon. It is said that if the observer slides down the bank on his back, dragging both hands in the sand, the sound becomes as loud as faint thunder.—Harper's Weekly.

Waste of Energy.

Manufacturers of brass beds have been trying to sell them in Nicaragua, despite the fact that bedsteads are not generally used there. Most of the people sleep on folding canvas cots.

SHOOTING A HORSE.

The Way to Instantly End His Misery Should He Break a Leg.

When a horse falls in the harness his natural inclination is to get up again. The shock of the fall has excited him more or less, and in his efforts to arise he may further injure himself as well as the harness.

The first action should be to sit on his head, pointing his nose upward with one hand, to keep him from struggling until the traces and all other attachments to the vehicle can be unfastened. If two persons are present this can be done without difficulty.

If a horse breaks his leg the most humane as well as the most sensible action is to shoot him on the spot. It is true that cases are on record where broken legs have been successfully treated by means of suspending the horse in a sling and pulleys, but the experiments in this direction have almost invariably met with failure.

To shoot a suffering animal and kill him instantly is not so simple a matter as it at first appears, says Country Life in America. Many shots are sometimes fired before death results. How and where should a horse be shot?

In the center of every horse's forehead a little above the line of the eyes is a little swirl something like a cowlick. Three inches above this swirl is the exact spot to lodge the bullet to insure its piercing the brain. The bullet should not be of less than 38 caliber.

For sprains hot or cold bandages are recommended. Fomentations promptly applied sometimes prevent permanent lameness. Spraining of the back sinews is only too common and unless promptly and properly treated results in knuckling and other complications. Blistering, firing, and even nerving are resorted to, but it should be borne in mind that these drastic measures are often unnecessarily taken. Rest, turning out where practicable under favorable conditions, and massage often effect a cure.

Not infrequently a horse will pick up a nail. It is unnecessary to say that the first aid is to remove the nail. If suppuration ensue poultice the wound and give the animal rest until well. It may be well to remove the shoe for a time. Great care should be taken that the nail be not broken off flush with the sole and left there to fester. Horses are peculiarly susceptible to tetanus, or lockjaw, and a nail often causes it.

Hypnotizing Lobsters.

"Hypnotize lobsters? Sure thing you can," said the man in South street. "See here," he said, picking up an active one by the body behind the claws. He stroked it down the tail three or four times, and the lobster became very stiff and still. He set it on the floor against the wall, standing it up. He took four or five more lobsters and treated them the same way. "Now watch 'em for a minute," he said, looking at the row of prospective chafing dish fillers. The first lobster gradually became limp and fell on the floor with a crash. This woke the third lobster in the row, for it, too, fell forward. Then two more fell. They all started to make off, but he caught them as they tried to scuttle away. "Sure thing," said the South street man; "it's as easy to hypnotize 'em here as on Broadway."—New York Sun.

Falling Up Out of a Balloon.

If a man falls out of a rising aeroplane or balloon he will not go toward the earth, but will continue rising into the air for an appreciable time. If the air machine were stopped in its ascent at the time it could catch the man as he came down. If the airship were ascending at the rate of thirty-two feet a second the man would rise sixteen feet before beginning to fall toward the earth. Thus, by reducing the speed of its ascent, the vessel might keep by the side of the man and rescue him. The reason why the man rises is the same as the reason for a bullet's rising when shot from a gun into the air—both the man and the bullet are given a velocity upward, and it takes some time for gravity to negative that velocity.—Harper's Weekly.

Side Issues.

"Brother Hardesty, how much are you going to give for the support of the gospel this year?"

"Why, Brother Askum, if I ain't helpin' to support it when I give $15 to the organ fund, $6 to the chandelier fund, $5 to the carpet fund, donate two tons of coal, chip in for the janitor fund and furnish most of the groceries when we have a church supper of course I'll put down somethin'. How much do you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

Pa Was Right.

"Pa says you keep almost everything here," said the small son of the village editor.

"I guess your pa's about right," replied the owner of the general store.

"And pa says," continued the little chap, "the reason you keep so many things is because you don't advertise."—Chicago News.

Soulless Contributors.

"The congregation numbered thirty-two souls this morning," remarked the parson.

"Thirty souls," corrected the deacon. "We got two plugged nickels in the collection box."—Kansas City Journal.

A Household Jewel

"Is your new maid competent?"

"Very. She can even fool agents and peddlers into believing that she's mistress of the house."—Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD BATES HOUSE.

A Hotel That Once Startled Indianapolis With Its Innovations.

I remember that when Indianapolis became a great railroad center and a city of enormous proportions—population from 15,000 to 20,000, according to the creative capacity of the imagination making the estimate—a wonderful hotel was built there and called the Bates House.

Its splendors were the subject of wondering comment throughout the west. It had washstands with decorated pottery on them in all its more expensive rooms so that a guest sojourning there need not go down to the common washroom for his morning ablution and dry his hands and face on a jack towel.

There were combs and brushes in the rooms, too, so that if one wanted to smooth his hair he was not obliged to resort to the appliances of that sort that were hung by chains to the washroom walls.

Moreover, if a man going to the Bates House for a sojourn chose to pay a trifle extra he might have a room all to himself.

But all these subjects of wonderment shrink to nothingness by comparison when the proprietors of the Bates House printed on their breakfast bills of fare an announcement that thereafter each guest's breakfast would be cooked after his order for it was given, together with an appeal for patience on the part of the breakfasters—a patience that the proprietors promised to reward with hot and freshly prepared dishes.

This innovation was so radical that it excited discussion hotter even than the Bates House breakfasts. Opinions differed as to the right of a hotel keeper to make his guests wait for the cooking of their breakfasts. To some minds the thing presented itself as an invasion of personal liberty and therefore of the constitutional rights of the citizen.—Edward Eggleston's "Recollections."

A FRAGRANT TRAIN.

Cut Flower Limited Express a Unique Feature in France.

Every night during the winter months a special train, popularly called the "Rapide des Fleurs"—the cut flower limited express—of ten cars, leaves Toulon for Paris over the line of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railway, carrying cut flowers in baskets and cardboard boxes from all stations on the line from Nice to Toulon to the Paris markets. Certain cars are switched off to Frankfort, Berlin and Munich; others continue to Brussels and others to Calais, where their perishable freight is rushed to the markets of London and Manchester.

Certain shipments reach St. Petersburg and Vienna, and the facilities thus offered the flower growers of southern France are unique in the transportation world. A special train crew sorts these tens of thousands of parcels en route, the eight or ten sorters handling the baskets as carefully as the mails are handled.

The cut flower industry of southern France began with the impetus first given by Alphonse Karr, the certain jardinier, as he was known when he settled in St. Raphael in the latter part of the last century.

Today the violets of Hyeres, like the roses and carnations of Antibes and the narcissus and Roman hyacinths of Ollioules, Le Pradet and Carqueiranne, are found in the shops of Paris scarce eighteen hours after they were growing in the open air on the Mediterranean shores.

Cuteness of Madmen.

In Sir William Butler's autobiography there is an amusing story about six insane soldiers who escaped while the corporal who had brought them on board the trooper was leaving at Durban and who mingled with the 1,800 sane men on the decks. The problem of the voyage was to find who were the six madmen. By the time the boat reached Cape Town twenty-six men were officially under observation, and not one of the six was among them. In the end the crazed half dozen were identified as those who had taken an especially eager part in the lunatic hunt.

Not His Language.

Lord Robson, at the dinner of the Glamorgan society, told the story of a Welsh witness in a Glamorganshire case who, having been sworn to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, was asked if he could speak English or would like an interpreter. "No," he replied; "I can speak some English, but I cannot speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—St. James Gazette.

Good Fellowship.

Biggs—You should join our club, old man, if only for the good fellowship of the thing. Miggs—I intend to. Brown, one of your members, took my name only last week. Hasn't he said anything about it? Biggs—No; we don't speak to each other.—Boston Transcript.

Dangers of Carelessness.

Lion Tamer (to assistant)—You've left his cage open again. One of these days some one will come along and steal him.—London Opinion.

More Like a Lover.

Miss Sweet—My brother is wedded to his art. Mrs. Slimick—Wedded? Nonsense! He's perfectly devoted to it.—Exchange.

One life, a little gleam of time between two eternities.—Carlyle.

TAMED THE SAVAGE.

A Plucky Salesman and a Merchant With a Bad Grouch.

A salesman for a carpet house called on the proprietor of a big store. This man had a reputation for eating salesmen alive. After several unsuccessful attempts to see his man the salesman decided to use desperate means to get to him. He knew that the man must buy a bill of goods, for he knew what stock he was carrying and knew that he must lay in a supply for the opening of the season.

In the afternoon he called at the store and deliberately walked into the owner's private office and placed a card on his desk. The storekeeper did not look up from his papers for several minutes. Then he turned savagely on the salesman and said:

"Who in Sam Hill let you in? I left orders to have you thrown out if you came again."

With that he threw the card savagely in the wastebasket. The salesman drew another from his pocket and placed it on the desk where the first had been. Without looking up from his work the buyer threw that in the wastebasket. The salesman threw down two or three other cards with the same result, and finally, almost purple with rage, the merchant turned on him:

"Well, well, well, what is it?"

"I was just thinking," said the salesman, "that if every man your salesmen called on was such an infernal, ignorant, no account grouch as you are what cussed few orders they would book and how quickly you would go out of business. That's all, sir; good-by."

"Hold on there a minute," broke in the grouch in a much changed tone. "I guess I owe you an apology. You're right. Let's see your line."—Bookkeeper.

THE EVERGLADES.

This Fertile Florida Region Is an Old Mountain Top.

One of the strange facts about the Everglades region of Florida is that it is really a decayed mountain top. The crest is formed of massive limestone, usually covered by a mantle of sand. In this formation are numberless pot holes which vary in size from a few feet to thousands of acres; also countless lakes of fresh water springs and frequent subterranean streams and pools.

A few miles north of Cape Sable is an outcrop of limestone which projects to Lake Okeechobee. In this outcrop is an extensive shallow basin extending 130 miles north and south and about seventy miles east and west, while the altitude of its rim is twelve feet above mean tide in Biscayne bay and a little less above the gulf of Mexico.

This rim is from three to twelve miles from the ocean edge of the coastal plain on the east and a distance of fifty miles from the gulf on the west. So far as explored it extends all around the edge of the basin forming a complete cup. As a result of the weather and flowing water the rim has been worn into fantastic shapes. The depth of the basin varies from a foot at the rim to as much as twelve feet in places, but generally the rock floor is from a depth of one to six feet.

And here is the secret of the fertility of the Everglades. Above the entire rock floor rises a layer of muck, formed of an alluvial deposit and of decayed vegetable matter. This deposit varies from a few inches to several feet in thickness. The water covering this deposit comes from springs that in turn have their source in the lake.—Cassier's Magazine.

George Sand.

It was from Leonard Jules Sandeau, the celebrated French novelist and dramatist, born at Aubusson a century ago, that another and far greater writer derived her nom de guerre. When a young student in Paris Sandeau made the acquaintance of Mme. Dudevant, and during a short lived friendship they collaborated in a novel, "Rose et Blanche," which was published in 1831. Then they parted, but Mme. Dudevant, while relinquishing Sandeau's friendship, took to herself a portion of his name and elected to be known thenceforth as George Sand.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Fourth Estate.

Thomas Carlyle says that the term "fourth estate" was first applied to the newspapers by Edmund Burke when speaking in the house of commons about 1790. In consequence of the freedom which had been won for it during the reign of William of Orange the press had by the time of Burke become the power which well deserved to rank up with the king, lords and commons as one of the estates of the realm, one of the great creative forces of the kingdom.

Testing a Hat.

Put on your hat and all outdoor regalia, says the London Chronicle, and then go where you can stand between a strong light and a bare wall. Notice your silhouette and note the proportions and symmetry. If these are not artistic or satisfactory, throw away the hat and buy another.

A Popular Belle.

"She made a hit with me."

"She makes a hit with most people. Always has a crowd dancing attendance upon her."

"She evidently knows how to bunch her hits."—Pittsburg Post.

It is by presence of mind in unlooked emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.—Lowell.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying a automobile, consult me. 33 different styles; any color desired. Prices range from $[illegible] to $4000.00. [illegible] to give you [illegible] Buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr., Agent.

ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year olds, well matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 3800.

One odd horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Phone 14-L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT,

Mch.2.tf. Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

——WRITTEN BY——

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Chmies. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

Bucknell Academy

FOR BOYS

Lewisburg, Penna.

Prepares young men for College, preliminary law examination, and teaching.

Classical, Latin Scientific, and Scientific Courses.

Academy students have the use of Bucknell University libraries, Laboratories and other equipment.

Successful out-door and gymnasium athletics.

Expenses for one year $290.

For information write to

Prin. Walter E. Wilcox, Sc. M.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 1, 1911.

Coney Island had a $3,000,000 fire last Saturday. The fire started in Dreamland and destroyed a number of the largest amusement places. Several firemen were injured, but no one was killed.

A new law recently enacted in this state provides for the abolition of Constables' returns at each term of Quarter Sessions held in the various counties of the State. Hereafter constables will make returns to the district attorney of their county and then only when there is something illegal to report. As it is seldom that constables make returns for illegal actions in their districts the expense saved by this new law will amount to several hundred dollars per year and the community will be just as well off.

President Diaz has left Mexico and fled to Spain. He will probably make his home in Madrid. During the recent centennial King Alfonso conferred on Diaz a title and made him an honorary general of the Spanish army. Senora Diaz was made a lady in waiting to the Spanish queen. General Diaz speaks no language other than Spanish and, outside of Mexico, he would find the most congenial surroundings in Spain. General Bernardo Reyes, Mexican Minister of War, has announced his candidacy for the Presidency of Mexico.

Revelations concerning the election of Senator Lorimer of Illinois may be expected as the result of a second investigation into the bribery charges against Lorimer, if the predictions made by Senator LaFollette in the delivery of the third installment of his argument in support of his resolution of inquiry are realized. Mr. LaFollette prophesied that more than twice the $100,000 heretofore alleged to have been used would be found to have been spent in Lorimer's behalf. He said President Taft's name had been used in Lorimer's behalf, and reiterated that Lorimer had had personal cognizance of the use of money in his behalf.

Ten are dead, many missing, scores of injured and at least $5,000,000 property loss, is the result of a five-minute storm that ripped and tore its way through the business part of Ogden yesterday. Cleveland lay helpless under the dark of a Seattle gale that scattered the shipping in the harbor, took buildings with it in its fury and twisted giant trees from their roots. Seven were drowned in Lake Erie, off the Cleveland shore, as the storm caught the fishermen unaware and perilled the lives of yachtsmen and other people on the water. Three were drowned in Logan, while more are missing both there and at Cleveland. Not one block of Cleveland escaped damage by the pestilegale. Showers of glass from broken windows splintered on the sidewalks and thousands of trees were snapped. Long sections of Euclid Avenue, the street that more than any other, gave Cleveland the name of Forest City, were piled high with fallen trunks. Live wires, tangled in deadly coils in the streets when the poles fell in the storm, made the streets paths of peril. Most of those who were drowned were fishing in small boats on the lake when the storm broke. Wires are down and details from many sections are not obtainable.

The United States Supreme Court on Monday handed down its decision in the Tobacco Trust cases sustaining the government in its contentions. The trust is held to be a combination in restraint of trade—a monopoly in violation of law. The decision affects sixty-five American corporations, two English corporations and twenty-nine individual defendants. An opportunity is given the trust to disintegrate and recreate a condition of transacting business not repugnant to law, if at the end of six to eight months the corporations fail to bring themselves within the law a receivership and dissolution by court decree will follow. The trust is said to have been guilty of intimidation, and clearly to have shown a purpose to stifle competition. Chief Justice White announced the decision, which was practically unanimous, although Justice Harlan dissented on several points. As in the Standard Oil case, Justice Harlan resents the application of the "rule to reason" to the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The court having held the defendant corporations guilty of conscious wrong-doing, Justice Harlan "is not at all anxious" to perpetuate any new combination growing out of them. The decision is characterized by Attorney General Wickersham as a "most comprehensive and sweeping" victory for the government.

STATE SPRAYING DEMONSTRATIONS.

Application of Insecticide and Fungicide Spray to be Made by State Demonstrators in 250 Model Orchards; Dates and Places of the Local Meeting.

Following the public demonstrations in pruning fruit trees, and spraying them for scale insects with the lime-sulfur solution in the orchards conducted under the co-operation of the Division of Zoology of the State Department of Agriculture, the work of spraying for such insects as codling moth, curculio, canker worm, bud moth and tent caterpillar, and the prevention of fungous diseases will now be taken up at this season.

Public meetings will be held in two hundred and fifty orchards in the State, to which the public is cordially invited. A lecture on the above mentioned pests, giving their life history and best methods of destroying them will be explained, and literature treating on these enemies of the fruit grower distributed free.

The local horticultural inspector, Paul H. Buck, will be present, and spray a block of trees. Demonstration will begin at 1 p. m.

The dates and places of holding the meetings in this county are as follows:

Friday, June 2, orchard of D. C. Young, Smethport.

Saturday, June 3, orchard of S. R. Dresser, Bradford.

Monday, June 5, orchard of R. J. Gates, Mt. Alton.

A SHAMELESS PRANK.

Alfred Students Place Naked Human Corpse on Piano Stool in College Chapel.

Alfred, May 27.—The placing of a naked human corpse on a piano stool in the chapel of Alfred university on Thursday night has so upset the faculty and student body that the program prepared for the last day of the college year has been postponed. Students are suspected of the deed, but as yet the faculty has been unable to get any definite clues.

For several days the students had been in a sullen mood over the suspension of the entire baseball team which played a game recently at Wellsville without having obtained permission. As the athletic students must attain an average of 75 per cent. to go through the school year, they waxed indignant at the action of the faculty in depriving them of their credits, and they found many sympathizers among the other students.

A raid was made on an undertaking room in town and a body was taken from one of the slabs. The body, nude, was placed in a sitting posture on the piano stool.

Professor Adams of the music department made the gruesome find when he entered the chapel. After five students entered the chapel before the excitement subsided and the doors were locked.

POMONA GRANGE MEETING.

The next meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange will be held at Crosby, June 7th, with the following program:

11 a. m. Business meeting.
11:30 Memorial exercises.
12:00—Dinner.
12:45 Lecturers' conference.
1:30—Business session.
2:00—Open meeting.
Piano solo, Jeanette Herriman.
Address of Welcome, W. A. Hulett.
Response, H. J. Rice.
Recitation, Jessie Haven.
Discussion, Essentials of Soil Fertility, opened by Atwood Putnam.
Recitation, Mrs. E. W. Stone.
Singing, No. 7, Grange melodies.
Discussion, Dairying for Profit, opened by A. L. Gallup.
Recitation, Gladys Nourse.
3:00—Woman's Hour.
Paper, Woman's needs of the Present Hour, Mrs. M. E. G. Ventrice.
Discussion, What Influence Has Home Life Upon the Young in the Formation of Character?, opened by Mrs. D. C. Young.
Reading, Lulu Robbins.
Vocal Duet, Mrs. Carrie Cooper and Elizabeth June.
Resolved, that a married man makes a more successful farmer than an unmarried man, opened by Mrs. Mary D. Howden.
Paper, The Farmer's Wife, Mrs. A. M. Bartlett.
Address, H. G. Teagarden of Punxsutawney.
7:00—Open in Fifth Degree.
Business session.
Conferring the degree of Pomona.
8:30—Open meeting.
Address, H. G. Teagarden.
Literary program, Crosby Grange.

OLD BRIDGES WON'T DO.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania recently handed down a decision, sustaining Judge Trexler, of Lehigh county, in a bridge case from Allentown. The decision is the most important with respect to the bridge question in this state in a century.

On January 26, 1909, an auto truck, loaded with two tons of flour, went through a bridge at Allentown, and two men who were on the truck were killed. The widows brought suit for damages for the death of their husbands, and each was given a verdict, one for $5,000 and the other for $7,000. The county appealed. Its contention was that the bridge, an ancient structure, was as good as when it was built, and the people in charge of the heavy freight auto and its big load crossed at their own risk.

Judge Trexler decided that, although the bridge was sufficient for all demands when erected, it was the duty of the county, since the introduction of the automobile to strengthen all bridges to such an extent that they would be equal to all modern traffic requirements.

This ruling was the crux of the case and it is now affirmed by the highest court of Pennsylvania. In view of the supreme court's decision, suit has been brought by the owner against the county for the loss of the flour on the truck that went through the bridge.

As a result of Judge Trexler's command, following his decision at a trial of the case, the county commissioners proceeded to rebuild all unsafe bridges in Lehigh, and repair all the rest, and in this work have, during the past two years, under the direction of the court, expended and contracted to expend, upward of $500,000.

FOR THE COUNTY FAIR.

To be sure, it is quite a long time until we are to have another county fair. But the day on which you expect to go to heaven is also a long way off. If you are imbued with the proper spirit and a decent regard for your own future welfare, you are certainly in training for the latter—every newspaper man is—and just as certainly you should be fitting yourself in the hope of coming under the wire in the best possible form at the fair to be held along in the closing days of September.

Every farmer and every gardner, every "grower-of-things" of whatever kind, even though it be not above the level of a bank account, should be putting in a few special seeds that they may have an entry for the fair.

And this is the season when the work must be attended to. It will not do to postpone the matter. Begin right now to get ready for the fair. There never was a more beautiful season for the planting of seeds, and if you do your part in this connection, Old Nature will do the rest, and when the fair opens you will be filled to overflowing with pride—that pride which finds rest in well doing, and returns a harvest of happiness.

Plant seeds, tend the flowers, spray the fruit, and this county will have a fair this fall that will make your eyes glisten, and your heart glad.

Again, get ready for the fair.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids or proposals will be received by the Commissioners of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at their office at Smethport, Pa., up to 10 o'clock a. m. on Saturday, June 10, 1911, for the erection and construction of the stone and concrete substructure and the steel superstructure for a bridge over a branch of the Kinzua Creek, in Hamilton Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, according to plans and specifications on file in the Commissioners' office, Smethport, Pa.

Each proposal or bid must be for the completion of the bridge, ready to travel over.

A certified check, drawn on some McKean County, Pa., financial institution, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000.00) dollars, payable to the Commissioners of McKean County, Pa., without condition, must accompany each bid or proposal. Said certified check is required as a guarantee of good faith, and will be forfeited to McKean County, Pa., by any bidder who fails to enter into a contract and to furnish the proper bond, as required by law, upon being awarded the work.

Bids or proposals will be opened at 11 o'clock a. m. the 10th day of June, 1911.

The county commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids or proposals.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., May 22, 1911-3t.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged, some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be readily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and then will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. Provide that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings to accommodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

[illegible] Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

—AT—

The Bissell Store

You will find The Cresco Romper. Come and look them over.

Commencing Tuesday, June 6th, this store will be closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday.

"Cresco Romper"

Do You Want a Money-Making Dairy Farm.

HERE IS A SPLENDID FARM CLOSE TO SMETHPORT.

No. 1,001. Productive farm of 140 acres, located 2½ miles from Smethport, Pa., valley land, lays level, gravelly loam soil, 105 acres under cultivation, 15 acres in timber, balance pasture; splendid sugar bush. Watered by springs and creeks; all fenced. Nine room house in fine repair, 7 room tenant house in good repair; one barn 40x60, one barn 40x50 with silo and basement with cement floor; milk house, hen house, calf shed, hog house, corn crib and tool house. Cement walks around house. Orchard of 25 trees. Average cut of hay 2½ tons to the acre. Oil and gas right included with farm. This is one of the best valley farms in McKean county and is a splendid money maker. This farm is ¼ mile from school, 2½ miles from creamery, on R. F. D. and telephone line. Price $9,000. Terms part cash, payments for balance. Will include stock, tools and machinery at price to be agreed upon. Call on Lincoln Gallup, owner, or write to

Branch Office: BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats $3.50 to $5.00 at H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

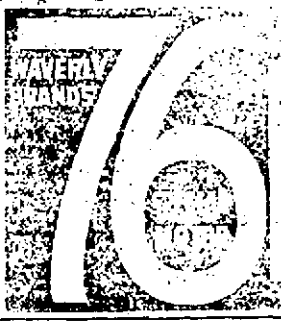
Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

FOOTSORE AND WEARY?

...don't need to seek for a remedy — 'tisn't a corn cure, either, simply rightly made, fit-the-feet kind of shoes, of which we have an ample supply. Look in our windows, look at our shoes, try them, buy them and the shoes will "make good." The latest styles, as well as comfort, govern our buying. Prices ditto.

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.



[illegible] are the products of more than 20 years' experience. Three Brands—

76°—Special—Motor
Power Without Carbon

Waverly gasolines are all refined, distilled and treated from a non "Pa." petroleum which are made up from the finest kinds of the minimum of carbon-producing elements.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Largest Independent
Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES

The best and purest liquors are necessary that cannot be dispensed with and when purchased for the sick room no risks should be taken by prescribing those of which there can be any doubts whatever. If you require pure brandy, whisky, gin, or any wines that may be recommended, we can give you positive assurance that those sold by us are absolutely pure and safe.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pa.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

YOUR SPRING ATTIRE

is ready for you——Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Spring headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

Waists

The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

ARE YOU A GARDENER?

Whether you are gardening for profit or for pleasure you appreciate the value of good tools and the right ones. They lighten the labor.

We have a full assortment of garden tools in stock——all good.

Spading forks built for service.
Rakes for garden or lawn.
Wheelbarrows——the light running kind.
Hoes, large and small.
Hand Cultivators, all descriptions.
In fact everything needed in the line of gardening tools. Come in and look over stock.

PRICES——RIGHT ALWAYS

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware & Plumbing

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 1, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The P. H. C. banquet that was scheduled for June 9th, is postponed until further notice.

—Marjorie the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee, is suffering from an attack of measles.

—Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for a dance at Coleville tonight for the benefit of the Coleville band.

—Mrs. Harry L. Hankins entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on East Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. Guy H. McCoy entertained a number of friends at her home on Union street last Saturday evening.

—George Alcock has opened a shoe shining parlor and novelty store in the McNulty building on East Main street.

—Carl Jessup, the well-known Eldred baseball player, is now on the pitching staff of the Buffalo Eastern League team.

—Jonathan Colegrove has added a second story to the bay window on the west side of his residence on East Main street.

—Rock City park, on the line of the N. Y. & P. Traction Co., between Olean and Bradford, was opened for the season on Tuesday.

—The dance given at the Lyceum Tuesday evening was a very pleasant and successful affair. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music.

—There will be preaching at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning by the pastor. There will be no evening service.

—James Quirk, owner of the Lyceum, has laid a walk on the Mechanic street and King street sides of that structure. Chris. McCarthy did the work.

—Rex L. Patch, a Bradford man, has a complete wireless outfit set up at his home. He is able to take wireless messages from Cape Cod, Mass., about 700 miles from Bradford.

—Miss Theo Freeman and Miss Alberta Corry gave a six o'clock dinner to the other members of the graduating class of 1911, at the home of the former on Mill street, Monday night.

—The Mighty Haag circus is showing in Port Allegany to-day. The magnitude of the organization is described as falling far short of what its advance advertising would give the impression.

—The glass bottle blowers of this borough will give their annual clam bake early in July in anticipation of the time when they will be made happy by the resumption of work. Both employers and employes are looking forward to the event.

—Webb B. Hopper, of this city, has moved his family into his handsome home on Bank street, which he purchased from Adelph Eisenstein, and is now getting nicely settled in the same.

—The Rev. and Mrs. J. H. McCandless will arrive in town early next week and will spend the summer quietly at their home. Mrs. McCandless has improved very much during her stay in Baltimore.

—Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for a dancing party to be given by the "Hoos," an organization of Col grove and Cuba young people at the I. O. R. M. hall in the latter place Friday evening.

—The Lemon Club dance given at the Lyceum last Thursday evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the fashionable crowd in attendance. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and a dainty luncheon was served by Miss Pattison.

—The tile walls for the garage of the Backus Novelty Co. are about completed and in another week it is expected the roof will be put on. When completed this will be one of the most modern garages in this section of the state.

—Cleve Rogers, a woodsman at Norwich, had a leg broken below the knee yesterday. The accident was caused by a fallen tree breaking from its moorings and striking him down. Dr. Chadwick was called and reduced the fracture and made him as comfortable as possible.

—The heavy wind and rain storm yesterday did a great deal of damage in this section. A number of trees in this borough were blown down and in the county generally considerable havoc was wrought the greatest damage being to derricks in the oil country. Many telephone and telegraph wires were also put out of commission.

—Dr. E. M. McLean was summoned to Duffyville, Wednesday, to attend the injuries of a little two-year-old son of John Stark. The little lad had been playing in the road and was hit in the hip by the wagon of W. A. Grantier, bruising the boy up considerably, though not seriously.—Eldred Eagle.

—Prof. Chas. W. Lillibridge was up from Eldred Wednesday greeting friends. He was recently elected superintendent of schools for McKean county, has already taken his oath of office and expects his commission from the state in a day or two and which takes effect the second Monday in June. He will move his family from Eldred to Smethport about August 1st.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Joe Keeny seems to have some good blooded horses and colts in his pasture near the laundry. Joe is pretty sporty and we expect to soon hear of his tracking some of them. It might be well to state in this connection that there are several horses being trained on the McKean County Fair Association grounds course at Smethport. Two of the horses belong to Olean parties.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Leon Appleby, charged with shooting and killing his wife, Mazie Appleby, on Thanksgiving Day, 1910, was tried in the Tioga county court last week and convicted of murder in the second degree. At the time of the murder there was no one present except their eleven-months-old child and he was convicted on circumstantial evidence, which probably saved him from conviction of murder in the first degree.

—Frank Oviatt and Milo Oviatt of Norwich township were arrested yesterday on a charge of assault and battery. It seems that the woman who made the complaint occupied a house belonging to one of the Oviatt brothers and she had been given notice to vacate which she refused to do. They undertook to eject her and in the way of retaliation she had them arrested on the above charge. They gave bail for their appearance at court.

—Never before on Memorial Day has Rose Hill cemetery presented the beautiful appearance it did last Tuesday. Every lot in this beautiful God's acre showed the result of careful toil and the result was most gratifying, as was evidenced by the expressions of pleasure heard on every hand among the large assemblage in attendance at Tuesday's exercises. May this sacred plot be kept in the present fine state of upkeep is the wish of all.

—At first thought, punning would seem to be merely a case of hunting through the dictionary; but it is something more." It is not humor,—that has been stated often enough, but it is an infectious disease, the same as small-pox and the Bubonic plague. It is usually contracted in boyhood and about the time a fellow gets real in love and wants to appear smart in the presence of his best girl. Many get over it, some do not. It requires a fairly good constitution and a little gray matter. If the malady is not overcome in early life, and thrown off completely, it becomes chronic and incurable, and the victim probably dies neglected and alone, and is soon forgotten. News and Observer as in Kane Republican.

PERSONAL MENTION

Rev. Stark spent Sunday in Wyoming, N. Y.

W. V. Proper of Olean spent Memorial Day in town.

M. S. Geary was a business visitor in Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane is visiting in town this week.

Mrs. Allen Pack of Shinglehouse is visiting friends in town.

Miss Maud Ross has returned home from a visit to Buffalo friends.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer was a Bradford visitor the forepart of this week.

Mrs. S. C. Townsend of Lancaster, Ohio, is visiting friends in town.

Foster Studholme of Olean was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett, were Smethport visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. David McCarthy of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. W. O. Scott and Miss Fannie Kidder of Cyclone were visitors in town Tuesday.

E. E. Andrews of Shinglehouse was the guest of friends in town on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. O. H. Barker and daughter, Miss Marguerite, of Corry, Pa., are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. A. H. Gakney and Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane were calling on friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. Frank Bradley and Mrs. L. Moulton of Denver, Colo., are visiting W. J. Kerr and family.

Hon. Henry Hamlin has returned home from a business visit to New York city and Binghamton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Monheimer left yesterday for a business and pleasure visit to New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus visited Bradford last Friday in the former's car.

Mrs. Katharine Ryan of Coudersport was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Glavin the forepart of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sidney Burdick spent Tuesday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Erhart, at Colegrove.

Mrs. Andrew Hanley and son, Francis, of Olean, are guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Frances Knapp, of King street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus, daughter, Clarissa, Mrs. S. C. Townsend and Miss Ola Badger were Port Allegany visitors Sunday.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy, and daughter, Katherine, were guests of Mrs. Pomeroy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, Memorial Day.

Orlo J. Hamlin, Guy H. McCoy, E. E. Heath, W. S. Palmer and Leo Digel automobiled to Buffalo Saturday, returning home on Sunday.

Mrs. S. Hodgkins of Halsey and Mrs. M. J. Crandall of Sigel, were the guests of Mrs. F. Chadwick Friday and Saturday of last week.

C. C. Choate left today for Uniontown where he will visit for a few days, returning with his wife and son, Homer, who have been visiting her parents there for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Engstrom and two children, Paul and Henry, left Monday for Jamestown, N. Y., for a brief visit. From there they go to Evanston, Ill., where they will make their future home.

Mis Roxy King, who is in training for a professional nurse in Allentown hospital is home for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King. She will graduate from that institution next November.

Spencer DeGolier of Bradford was a business visitor in town yesterday and during his stay in town found time to drop into C. A. Burdick's music store and render a few bass solos. Mr. DeGolier has an exceptionally beautiful voice and those who were fortunate enough to hear him were more than repaid for their time.

PERMANENT CERTIFICATES.

Teachers' Examinations To Be Held in Smethport June 9 and 10.

The examinations for permanent certificates will be held in the Smethport school, Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

The candidates will be examined in the following subjects: Reading, Writing, Spelling, Mental Arithmetic, Written Arithmetic, Algebra, Grammar, Physiology and Hygiene, U. S. History, Geography, Civil Government and Theory of Teaching based on Barrett's Practical Pedagogy. If any teacher wishes additional subjects credited to her certificate, immediate notification should be sent to the chairman of the committee, Stanley Bolght, Smethport.

The committee wishes to remind the candidates that they should bring all the necessary papers when they present themselves for examination. In case any teacher needs the endorsement of more than one school board, for her present to the first board the regular application blank for proper signature, and have the second board pass a resolution authorizing the secretary to sign the application as the law requires it to be signed.

For Sale or Rent.

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address LOCK BOX 125, Apr.30-tf Smethport, Pa.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now on and I will be looking for the really correct things in ladies' headwear, call on

May 25-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Westbrook Academy

This School will begin its

THIRTIETH YEAR

September 5, 1911. Attendance limited to 100 students New Catalog is ready.

Special inducements to early applicants.

E. D. Westbrook, Prin., OLEAN, N. Y.

COME ON IN

and examine our splendid line of WASH SUITS for Boys from 3 to 10 years old. A bewildering array of styles and colors at small prices.

75c to $2.00

make your selection now, while the stock is at its best.

BOYS and CHILDRENS

Straw Hats

to match any color Suit. 25c & 50c.

——AT——

MONHEIMER'S

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

STORE CLOSED DECORATION DAY

A NEW COLLAR for MEN

GLENROY a new Arrow Brand Collar for Summer is here——GLENROY is a combination of beauty and comfort in a folded collar.

It is made with the oval button hole and the Arra Notch allowing it to be put on and off with the greatest ease.

GLENROY allows the Cravat to slide freely. It's Arrow Brand quality all through.

It's the collar you ought to have. 15c each 2 for 25c.

WASH GOODS BARGAIN

Odd lots of printed wash goods are offered this week at economy prices.

Three lots as follows:

8c yd.	15c yd.	28c yd.
Worth up to 15	Worth up to 25	Worth up to 50

SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING

Commencing Tuesday, June 6th, this store will be closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday, on these days closing time will be 8 P. M. and 10 P. M. respectively.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

PHONE 7 **BROWNELL'S** PHONE 7

COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

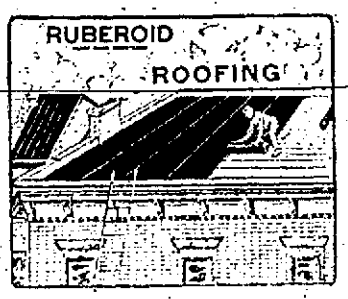
OUR BRANDS

religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

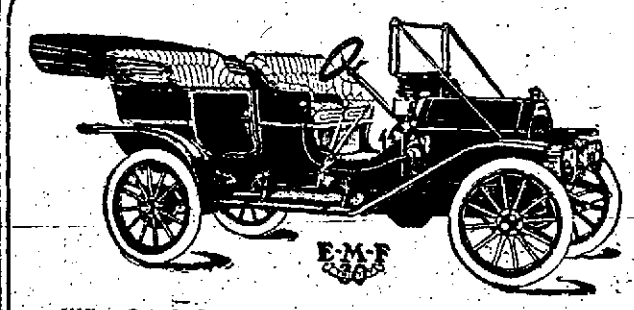
It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30. FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $80.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL BIG SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $6,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

Stranger

A Story Illustrating How Persons Will Hang on to a Theory

By William L. Chew

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

In the central part of the Crow valley was one of those villages that spring up mushroom-like upon the discovery of gold. Newcomers were arriving from the east and from the west. Among those from the west was a man who seemed to have stamped on his countenance "I have experienced a grief." He had no sooner entered the town than he walked through the street—there was only one street—looking at every one he met as though he were searching for some one. He kept this up until he seemed to be satisfied that he had seen every one in the town, then discontinued it.

He was a very uncommunicative man and made no friends. His name was not forthcoming, so he soon acquired the soubriquet of Stranger. He entered a claim and went to work with pick and shovel like the rest of the men in the town. When the daily coach arrived from the east he was always on hand. He scrutinized every person who alighted, and when the coach load of expelled walked away.

"Who is he and who's he lookin' for?" asked one of a knot of men one evening as Stranger walked away from the coach with his usual look of disappointment.

"Wait t' know who he is and who he's lookin' for, do y'?" said Bill Stubbs. "Well, I'll tell y'. He's one o' them fellers who's life has been wrecked by a woman and another man. He's been married and another feller has taken his wife from him. It's my opinion that Stranger's expectin' the feller that's had him of his wife, and when he comes you'll see a shootin' match."

"I don't think much of that explanation," put in Andy Jones. "I reckon Stranger's been doin' somep'n to git himself wanted somewheres. When he first come here I felt sure he settled and allowed there wasn't no one here as knowed him; then he entered his claim an' went to work. He ain't tellin' nothin' about himself. He ain't a-goin' to furnish nobody who's huntin' him with information about where he is."

These are but a few of the reasons conjured up for Stranger's presence in the town and his singular actions. The only person who was not interested in them was Stranger himself, but he was the only person who didn't hear any of them. He pursued the even tenor of his way, digging in his hole in the ground and going every evening to the coach to inspect the incoming passengers.

One day Stranger was missing from his hole. His absence at once set every tongue wagging with accelerated vigor. Every one wondered where he had gone and if he would ever come back.

"Where has he gone?" exclaimed Bill Stubbs. "Why, he's got wind of the feller he's lookin' for. As to his comin' back, that depends which man gits the drop on t'other one. If Stranger gits it—and I hope he will—he'll come back, I reckon, and he'll feel better satisfied with himself. Like enough he may take another hoss on matrimony."

"Oh, cuts Bill Stubbs!" exclaimed Andy Jones. "When you git a notion into your head you make everything fit it. Stranger has got wind of an enemy, sure enough, but not the one you mean. He's heered that a sheriff has got wind of him, and Stranger's just lit out to give him the slip. That's the most reasonable view to take of it."

"Seems to me," suggested Enoch Mudge, "if both you fellers is talkin' Stranger's case, why not get explanations? I've always took notice that when a man gits on a hoss into his head he makes off for other fellers run that way. Did you ever hear of a hunt and hunt Dempsey-Jurnal into a Republican opposite way?"

The remark did not change the views of Bill Stubbs or Andy Jones, who both declared that they were ready to listen to any other reasonable theory concerning Stranger's absence than their own, but when Mudge advanced one they both attacked it vigorously. He slunk away, leaving the two men arguing with each other.

Then came information that added volume to the flame of conjecture. Stranger returned looking happy.

"What did I tell you?" said Stubbs. "He's met his man and got the drop on him."

"He's dodged the sheriff," Andy Jones claimed.

At this point a small boy spoke up.

"I seen Stranger go into his cabin when he came back. The fust thing he done was to take a piece o' paper from between two logs and tear it into little bits."

"How you goin' to account for that, Bill Stubbs?" asked Andy Jones.

"How you goin' to account for it?"

Since both needed time to make the incident accord with their pet theories no explanation was brought forth. But the mystery of the bit of paper put a quietus upon most of the theories held by Stranger's fellow citizens and was the only event that had occurred during his residence among them that tended to check the formation of new ones.

One day after the distribution of the mail the postmaster gave out that a letter had come for Edward Truesdale and Stranger had claimed it.

"I watched him when he read it," added the informant, "and seen him scowl and give his revolver a hitch."

"Reckon he's gone to meet his man this time shore," said Bill Stubbs.

"I thort you said he'd killed his man when he went away. You bet some un has given him a tip that the sheriff's comin' for him."

"Huh!" retorted Stubbs. "That sheriff o' yourn has been comin' for Stranger ever since he's been in this yere town."

"So's your man that Stranger's lookin' for."

A month passed, and the excitement over the mystery was subsiding when Stranger received another letter. This time the postmaster reported that the recipient had left the room before opening his letter, so that it was impossible to tell how, whatever intelligence it contained, it affected him. Great dissatisfaction greeted this announcement, and a plan for putting in a woman postmaster that had failed was revived. However, nothing could be done to acquire information in the present instance, and the necessity might not arise again. On this account the movement lost force and was finally dropped.

A few days after the arrival of Stranger's last letter a boy rode into town with a telegram for him which had been received at the nearest station, twelve miles away. The news of this message spread like wildfire, and the excitement over the mystery burst into a flame. All agreed that a killing was at hand.

The hour for the arrival of the eastern coach was 6 o'clock. At 5 it was reported that Stranger had gone to his cabin, put on a boiled shirt and had taken up a position half a mile down the road, where he was waiting evidently for the coach.

"He's going to die respectable," said Bill Stubbs—"that is if the other feller don't die instead."

Gradually persons began to walk down the road, halting here and there where they could get a good view of Stranger, who was sitting on a stump. The believers in the Stubbs theory ensconced themselves behind trees in order to escape stray bullets. The Jones partisans laughed at them. Jones had told them that the sheriff was coming, and Stranger had decided to give him self up. He had gone out to prevent his fellow townsmen from witnessing the ignominy of his arrest and the clapping on of handcuffs.

Stranger sat with his back to the gathering audience, not knowing of their presence. He took out his watch and looked for the time of day. Then he pulled a revolver from his hip and examined it, cocking and uncocking it and revolving the chambers.

This act sent several of the doubting Thomases among the Jones faction behind trees and confirmed the Stubbsites in their opinion.

A creaking sound was heard in the distance, and the coach turned a bend in the road. Stranger jumped down from his seat and strode with long steps toward it. Some among the audience averred that he was swinging his revolver while he walked; others were equally sure he had put it back in his holster. As he approached the coach the driver, who recognized him, drew rein and stopped. Then the door flew open and a boy about five years old made a jump that landed him in Stranger's arms. The child was followed by a woman who, standing in the open door, put forth her arms. they were clasped around Stranger's neck, and he lifted her to the ground. The rest of the picture was the man alternately kissing the woman and the boy.

Stranger was recalled to his surroundings by a shout up the road and, turning, saw his fellow citizens ranged in a semicircle between him and the town. He stared at them in wonder for a moment, then put the woman and the boy back into the coach, got in himself, and the vehicle proceeded on its way. When it reached the crowd Enoch Mudge advanced, the driver stopped the horses, and Mr. Mudge addressed Stranger:

"The feelin's of your feller citizens is much relieved. Some thort y' was waitin' to kill a man and others thort y' was wanted for crime. The woman and the kid beside y' p'int to another solution. Anyway, we're glad the mystery is solved and the woman and the kid are welcome among us. We only hope y're married respectable."

To which Mr. Truesdale replied:

"I married the lady beside me six years ago, but my poverty and the interference of her family have separated us until now. When I came among you I expected to find my wife here. Then I struck a bonanza in my mine. I went away to perfect my claim and get capital to work it, leaving a letter for my wife in case she should come in my absence. Then I got a letter stating that her mother was ill and the coming must be deferred. Lastly the telegram announced her arrival today. And here we all are intending to make our home among you. I am happy to announce that the Crow Valley Mining company has been organized with ample capital, and I expect it will make a city out of a town."

After these orations the driver cracked his whip, and the stage lumbered on to Mr. Truesdale's cabin. On the site of that cabin a few years later rose a mansion.

Bill Stubbs maintained to the day of his death that he was right in his opinion of the mystery—that some one had interfered with Stranger's affections. Andy Jones declared his belief there was some trouble with the law, that had not come out. The others took no further interest in the matter as a mystery.

The Alabaster Hand

It Was the Cause of a Very Ludicrous Mistake

By Clarissa Mackie

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

It was a quiet residential street, and it stretched away from the glittering thoroughfare like a dimly lighted tunnel. The long blocks were composed of rather old fashioned red brick dwellings, the more pretentious faced with brownstone.

Lucien Braddock had chosen Blank street as the shortest cut to his apartments in the Circle hotel, which held itself exclusively apart from the avenues, where trains roared above and below the ground and electric cars whizzed on the surface between the two.

On this particular night Lucien traversed the street with unaccustomed haste. The rain fell with slanting, stinging steadiness. The drops drummed on his umbrella and pattered against the smooth surface of his mackintosh. Once or twice he poked his head out from under the umbrella to take a survey of his surroundings. On the second occasion he saw it and stopped short in his tracks to stare up at a lighted parlor window.

Lucien Braddock had heard of beautiful hands, he had read in novels of "marble brows" and "alabaster hands and arms," but in the course of his prosaic existence he had never come across these marks of feminine loveliness. He had seen pretty hands. Some were white, and others were tanned with summer sunshine, but never had he seen a woman's hand that might be likened to the alabaster ones of his novel reading days.

Now he saw it.

It was white as snow or marble or the alabaster of his novels; perfect in shape, with small fingers, tapering to a point. For an instant he saw the whole hand; then the woman's other hand was lifted, and the shade was drawn to the sill of the window.

For the first time since he had paused before the window Braddock became aware that he was violating all the rules of politeness. Never before had he stared into a window in this manner, and now he turned hastily and resumed his way through the pelting rain with mingled shame and curiosity.

The recollection of the white hand he had seen impressed him strangely. It had looked so dead white, so lifeless, so rigid, as compared to the careless grace of the woman's other arm as she reached up to pull down the shade. His mind pictured a dozen situations that might account for the peculiar whiteness of the hand. The one which found most favor with him was that the beautiful hand was paralyzed and quite bloodless.

When he arrived at his hotel he dismissed the subject from his mind and went about his evening engagements with his customary vigorous interest.

Every night as he passed through Blank street his eyes involuntarily turned toward the block where stood the house that interested him. It was some time before he could locate the particular house, because it was merely by the mellow lighting of the room or the figure of the woman who had stood there that he might hope to recognize the place once more.

Then came another evening, when he was sauntering homeward with a pleasant anticipation of the excellent dinner that would await his arrival home, there flashed on his view the same picture that he had seen once before on that rainy night. The same woman stood there holding back the rose colored curtains with that dead white hand.

Once more Lucien Braddock paused and stared up at the picture. This time he gazed at the woman's head framed in its mist of dark hair. Her face was in shadow, but he fancied that she must be beautiful, and as she did not stir from her position nor make any attempt to pull down the shade, he was suddenly smitten with a sense of his own rudeness, and, with an involuntary removal of his hat, he passed on.

Then it was that a low, amused laugh broke the silence of the street. Lucien stopped and looked around. He could have sworn that the laugh came from the vestibule of the house. The front door was slightly ajar, and through the glass panel a red light shot down upon the sidewalk. With a shrug of the shoulders and an uncomfortable feeling he went on. He resolved that he would not let curiosity again tempt him down the length of Blank street. He would walk one more block and traverse another street.

Weeks passed, and Braddock had quite forgotten the incident of the woman with the alabaster hand. Business affairs of unusual importance occupied his attention to the exclusion of amusements, and he found life filled to the brim with action.

When the strain was removed, on the evening of the very day on which he had won the case which was to make him famous among lawyers, he rode home on the electric car and from force of habit dropped off at the corner of Blank street.

He had gone half its length when he was conscious of some disturbance in one of the staid red brick dwellings. A bright light flickered against the windows, and a maidservant stood on the porch screaming hysterically.

Lucien took in the situation at a glance and leaped up the steps and into the house of the woman with the alabaster hand. Just now he had caught a glimpse of her in her customary attitude of graceful negligence leaning forward, one hand holding back silken draperies while the white lace curtains above her head were blazing fiercely.

He passed the servant at a bound, gained the hall and turned into the door that led into the front parlor of the house. As he did so he was conscious that a woman had come swiftly down the stairs and was following closely behind him.

The room was unoccupied save for that strangely unconscious form in the window. Lucien never forgot the quiet elegance of the room, with its rich rugs and tapestried walls, its air of homelike comfort.

It took but an instant to tear down the lace draperies and to trample them under foot. Then he was free to take the form of the lady of the alabaster hand in his arms and carry her to a place of safety.

"Good heavens, madam!" he breathed in her ear as he attempted to draw her away from the window. But she was strangely rigid in his arms, and he felt a little thrill of horror in the discovery that she was quite cold. Indeed, the little white hand that fell coldly upon his was like the fciness of alabaster or its sister—marble.

A low, delicious trill of laughter broke his momentary hesitation. It did not come from the lady in his arms, but from the girl who had followed him into the room.

He turned and looked at her. She was small and slight, with a pale face crowned with bronze brown hair, but her face was lovely and her eyes the softest brown. She wore the most charming gown of brown velvet that matched her eyes exactly. She was dimpling with laughter when he turned, and she tried to stiffen her features into solemnity as their eyes met.

"I hope you will pardon me—I am so sorry," she faltered. "You have been so very kind and brave to put out the fire, but if you had not said 'madam' it would not seem so funny. Oh, dear!" Again she rippled into laughter.

Lucien looked down at the form he was holding so stiffly in his arms. His eyes widened with amazement, and a sheepish grin overspread his face.

The lady of the alabaster hand stared unflinchingly at him from beautiful eyes fringed with long lashes. Her beautifully arranged dark hair was drawn away from a waxen brow—yes, a waxen face of pink and white perfection! The shimmering fabric of her handsome gown fell limply away from her, and the laces of her sleeve exposed a waxen arm and the perfect alabaster hand!

Gently Lucien Braddock stood the wax figure upright. The lovely alabaster white hands were held stiffly before her. She was very beautiful, but she was made of wax!

"I am so sorry," repeated the girl as Lucien faced about.

"I'm not," he said after a quick glance at her face. "It's one on me though. Er—I wonder if you would mind telling me why she was standing there in the window?"

"I must explain," said the girl with pretty dignity. "You see, I live with my cousin, Jeanne Goulard. She married M. Goulard of Paris, and after he died she found she was quite poor. So she came back to New York with the loveliest ideas about clothes and opened dressmaking parlors in this house. That is all. You have mistaken the model in one of the front windows for a—a—person. We are very grateful to you for your brave deed tonight, sir. You may smile, but the waxen model is very valuable and the gown also."

Lucien laughed heartily at his own discomfiture, and the girl joined him with that low contralto laugh which he had heard once before.

"I wonder if you would mind telling me something," he ventured.

"What is it?"

"Do you recollect standing in the vestibule of your house several weeks ago and seeing a man taking off his hat to your model?" asked Lucien.

"Yes, indeed! Pardon me, but it was so funny."

This time Lucien joined her in the laugh, and the sound of their mirth brought Mme. Goulard below stairs.

After the whole matter had been explained to her Mme. Goulard introduced her pretty cousin as Miss Ethel Wyndsel, and Lucien recollected a classmate at college whose name had been Nick Wyndsel, and of course he was Ethel's brother. Lucien was invited to dine with them, and Mme. Goulard insisted that his vis-à-vis might be the lovely model with the alabaster hand.

Then Lucien told his story and related how he had looked from under his umbrella that rainy night to discover the alabaster hand holding back the curtain.

"Oh, that was Ethel's artistic posing," laughed Mme. Goulard. "She admired the hands of that model quite as much as you did, sir. I suppose it was her own arm that reached up and pulled down the shade."

"I shall always have the friendliest feeling for the wax lady," said Lucien earnestly as he bade them good night.

Months afterward, when certain matters of importance had to be settled between Ethel and himself, he protested that her own small hand with its shell pink palm and the diamond glistening on the third finger was the fairest thing in the world.

"Ah, but if it had not been for the lady with the alabaster hand you would never have met me," she reproached him.

"True," he agreed. "Let's have the lady for your bridesmaid."

The Archbishop's Shirts.

One of the archbishops of Bordeaux, Mgr. de Sangay, was remarkable for his charity, giving to the poor, as he did, nearly everything in his possession. It happened at one time that he was without linen, and when his servants spoke of buying what he needed he put them off, saying always, "We will see about it." Then the good old woman in charge of his wardrobe made use of stratagem. "Monseigneur," she said, "I come to ask your charity for a good work." "What is it, my good Jeanne?" "With your lordship's permission, I wish to spend some hours in which I have not much to do in making shirts for a poor old man who is sadly in need of them. Perhaps you would pay me for the stuff. Indeed, the good old man expects as much from you." "With the greatest pleasure," said the archbishop. "Here, this is all the money I have. Take it and get what you need." By this means he was provided with shirts and he could not refrain from laughing when he learned the explanation of his faithful old servant's request.—London Globe.

The Old Time Senators.

A recent overhauling of a desk in the office of the District of Columbia health officer brought to light a small volume entitled "The Medical Register of the District," which contained a complete list of the senators of the Thirty-ninth congress, giving their weight, height and head and chest measurements. The author of the book, Dr. J. C. Toner, says in explanation of the table:

"It shows that in all the points observed the senators exceed the average of mankind in all parts of the world as well as the average of our own country."

From the figures given it appears that the tallest senators at that time came from Kentucky, the shortest from New Hampshire and West Virginia. The average height was five feet ten and a half inches, and the senatorial heads, "measured a little lower than the hat is generally worn," showed an average circumference of twenty-two and a half inches. Fourteen of the forty senators were six feet tall.—Washington Star.

Travel at Home

"Whenever I get the 'wanderlust,'" says the philosopher, "I get the cook to burn the steak and serve me some coffee that tastes as though it had brown pepper in it. Then I sit in the most uncomfortable chair in the house and try to read a newspaper in a poor light. I then go outdoors and get a cinder blow in my eye, then go back in and go to bed on a cot that is four inches too short and a foot too narrow for me, with covers that gather themselves about my waist and leave my feet bare, while a clever contrivance sends alternate hot and cold blasts across me. Next morning I have indigestion, a sore eye and a cold and a fine assortment of aches and pains, but I also have all the sensations of having been on a trip and am spared the worry of getting home again, for I am already there."—Life.

Those Wedding Celebrations.

"It's a ridiculous idea," a man who has been married eleven months tomorrow confided to us, "to celebrate your diamond wedding when you have been married seventy-five years. I'm going to have it reversed. The diamond wedding should come first, then the golden, and so on. Let's have these things while they do us some good."

He is right at that. And yet social custom, is going to compel this impecunious couple to celebrate their paper wedding next month. They need a few rugs and gold pieces, but somebody will bring 'em writing paper and a new deck of cards.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted to Wake Himself.

"John," said the foreman unexpectedly, "we have decided to raise you $5 a week."

John made no answer, but appeared to be looking for something on his desk.

"Why don't you say something? Aren't you satisfied?" demanded the foreman.

"I'm trying to see if there's an alarm clock here," said John.—Buffalo Express.

"Stonewall's" Comment.

At a council of generals early in the civil war one of them remarked that Major —— was wounded and would be unable to perform a certain duty for which he had been suggested. "Wounded!" said old Stonewall Jackson. "If that is really so I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

The Prince's Death.

Husband (reading the paper)—I see that Prince Harold is dead. Wife (an Anglomanic, inexpressibly shocked)—Is it really possible? It seems too sad for anything. What was the cause of his death? Husband—He trotted a mile in 2.20½ and then died of blind staggers.—New York Sun.

Very Much Attached.

Swenson—Why do you always heat a ship referred to as "she?" Benson—I guess it is because she sometime becomes very much attached to a buoy.—New York Times.

Didn't Want Technicalities

Howell—The doctor says he has. Powell—Never mind that; tell me what's the matter with him.—New York Press.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

CHARLEY WAH

HAND LAUNDRY

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Work Finished on Third Day

Under Heath's Barber Shop

PURE ICE CREAM

Home made from fresh cream brought daily from Southern View Dairy Farm.

Purest and Best materials at our Soda Fountain.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.
Age 21—$29.84 per thousand.
Age 35—$38.24 per thousand.
Age 50—$50.17 per thousand.
Ask for rates and guaranteed values.
The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"
C. A. BURDICK, Agt.
SMETHPORT PENN'A

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, PA.

Real Estate Bargains

The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.

Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.

Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 including lots.

Also 50 building lots.

See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.

Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

The Shadow

It Was an Important Matter In a Man's Life.

By Manuel Cosio

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I was sitting in a wine shop in Naples. It was a dingy place, and no one was in the place except myself, though in a back room was a woman, who kept the shop. I was dressed in rags. Twilight had nearly died away, and the room in which I sat was lighted only by a lamp in the adjoining room. But it was sufficient to cast a shadow. My back was toward it, and I saw on the wall before me the shadow of a figure advancing with a raised arm. My blood ran cold, for I knew some one was behind me who intended to murder me.

This is how it came about:

I belong to the Italian national police, or the carabineers. We are a very different body from the municipal police, I assure you. We are selected from the better classes, and it is quite difficult to enter the corps.

One day I was called to headquarters and asked if I would volunteer for duty in getting evidence in a murder case. It was not a matter that I could be ordered upon, because it was necessary for me to spy upon the celebrated Camorra society, possibly to become a member of it in order to secure the evidence I needed. I consented to undertake the work and was supplied with what means I needed temporarily and assured that any draft I might make would be honored.

My field of operations was Naples and its vicinity. The Neapolitans have been more tyrannized over than any other body of Italians; consequently there are more poverty, misery and crime among them than any other Italian people. An American lady had been walking on the sea wall promenade when dusk was coming on and there were few people about. She was found murdered, several valuable finger rings and what money she had having been taken. The murderer was probably a member of the Camorra, and it was my object to discover and convict him.

The only information I could get to aid me was that the American lady had about 400 lire ($80) on her person and a description of the finger rings. There were a solitaire diamond and a sapphire, and one setting included three stones—a ruby between two emeralds.

Having been enlisted at Milan, I was not known at Naples. I appeared there one morning dressed in dirty rags and began operations on the street as a professional beggar. It was a unique position for one who lost behind him the treasury of the kingdom of Italy. I pass over a month that I spent either in begging or joking tidbits to sit under the tables of tourists. Meanwhile I was forming acquaintances among the worst element of Naples. One only among the men I met interested me. He appeared to be of the better class. He gave me a lira for some petty service I rendered on doing him, jabbed into my face and said to me:

"You are too intelligent looking to wear such clothes. You should be in better condition."

"Oh, we poor people have no opportunity to better ourselves," I replied.

"You are right. The rich absorb everything. The laws protect them in their iniquities. But the poor man—he must be a slave. However, there are ways for a bright looking fellow like you to make money."

The result of this meeting was that I went to the rooms of this man Genazzini to learn how to make money. It was by assisting him to get his hands on other people's property. When I spoke of being detected and obliged to go to jail he told me that I need not fear that; he was in with the police and would protect me. I did not at the time ask him for further information as to his means of protection, for I suspected that I had found a member of the Camorra. I became his assistant in a number of thefts. He worked up the cases, so to speak, and I did the pilfering. In every case the person robbed received compensation from the chief of police, stating that it was not their policy to prosecute the thief. In one instance I contrived to get caught in the act in order to learn of the protection that would follow. The man I robbed ordered my arrest and was very bonsthful as to the punishment that would be meted out to me, but when he confronted me in court failed to identify me. He dared not do so.

This satisfied me that Genazzini was a member of the Camorra, but I pretended not to know that such a society existed. He had lost his thumb and forefinger in some accident or fracas and told me that that was the reason he would do no stealing himself. He could always be liable to be identified by his missing digits.

When I entered his service he gave me better clothes, and I displayed sufficient intelligence for him to manifest a friendship for me. I asked him one day if he knew anything about the murder of the American lady. He made no reply, but I had my eye fixed on him when I asked the question, and notice had made me very expert in getting unintentional replies from the human eye. I was sure that he knew about the case I referred to.

I was getting on ruly slowly, but it seemed to me that I was making progress. To hurry might lead to a mistake, and a mistake would not only end my investigations, but my life. I was in constant dread of meeting some friend or acquaintance who would recognize me. To prevent this I told Genazzini that, since I was liable to be recognized by those from whom I had stolen, I would better make myself up. He assented to this, but I found the plan impracticable. A makeup can't be used in close proximity with persons, for they will soon discover it.

Well, one day what I feared happened. I was in a restaurant getting instructions in the matter of a robbery Genazzini was planning. He had gone to the cashier's desk to pay the bill for some refreshments when he saw the colonel Conti, one of my Milan friends. He was fashionably dressed and, to my horror, saw me and came toward me with outstretched hand. Genazzini was passing out at the time. I saw him look at my meeting with Conti, but without appearing to take any especial interest in it. I pledged my friend not on his life to mention me to any one and got away from him as soon as I could.

I confess that on meeting my employer again I dreaded to see some indication of an awakened suspicion, but he did not refer to having seen me addressed by a gentleman or seem to have remembered it. I breathed easier. He said his last plan necessitated my putting on the same kind of dress I had worn when he first met me. Before leaving me he directed me to meet him at a wine shop near the railway station and in beggar's apparel. I was to go there about 6 in the evening and wait for him till he came. We would then go to commit the robbery.

This brings me to the wineshop looking at the shadow of a figure advancing to murder me. One second was sufficient to tell me that the figure was a man and that man was Genazzini. I would not have known it but for the shadow of his hand. The shadow showed only three fingers, the thumb and forefinger being absent.

But this was not all that flashed upon my mind, though what I thought was inferred. On leaving the restaurant he had gone to some place where, unobserved himself, he had seen me talking with my friend Conti and must have known from my expression and my manner that I had received a shock and was directing Conti not to publicly recognize me again. Since then Genazzini had doubtless put the machinery of the Camorra to work to ascertain who I was. He must have been successful in at least learning I was a spy if not a carabineer. It was necessary that I die before I could do any more harm, and possibly the secrets I had learned might die with me. The shop was doubtless under the control of the Camorra. The only person besides myself in it was the woman who kept it, and she was not likely to give evidence against the murderer. A stiletto would be used, since it made no noise.

This is a great deal to go through one's mind while another is advancing from behind to stab him, but to me, who seemed to be doomed, there was plenty of time, as I have said, within a second.

And I would have been doomed, I would never have told this story had it not been for the advantage of the shadow cast on the wall. And even this would not have saved me had it not been that in the raised shadowed hand I recognized by the missing thumb and forefinger the ruined fist of Genazzini.

Having known that my life was every minute in danger, I, of course, went armed and invented contrivances to enable me to use my weapons quickly. On my back, under my coat, was a stiletto, the favorite weapon in western America some sixty or seventy years ago. In both sleeves I carried a self cocking Derringer pistol suspended on a rubber strap. The pistol hung just above my wrist, and by a quick fling of my arm I could stretch the rubber so as to enable me to grasp the weapon.

All this would have been useless had I not seen the shadow and identified it by the missing thumb and finger, for I would have been crushed under the murderous weight while his stiletto let the life out of me. As it was, I rose, gave my arm a flirt, and as my enemy's hand came down on my shoulder and the stiletto toward my throat I put a ball through one of his eyes, at the same time dodging his blow. He fell on the floor, and with one jump I reached the door and never stopped till I reached a policeman.

But all I wanted of him was assistance in case there were any members of the Camorra near to take part against me. As soon as I was satisfied in this respect I left him and went to the headquarters of my corps and reported the tragedy.

My chief declared that if I valued my life I would better change my field of operations. But I argued that Genazzini was either dead or would die, and, being a very secretive man, he had not told any one of his connection with me, or, at least, that I knew anything about the Camorra. I was therefore desirous of finishing my work. But those above me decided otherwise. I was ordered to Padua, which is about as far from Naples as any place within the limits of Italy, and there I was obliged to go. I had picked up one or two clews, however, which I gave to my successor, who began where I left off, and at last advices I learned that he had discovered who had committed the murder of the American lady and was working on securing evidence to bring about a conviction.

The Man In the Box

A Detective Solved the Mystery of His Being There

By John L. Everhart

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

When I first entered upon the detective business, being inexperienced, I found it difficult to get a position, and when I got one I couldn't keep it. I had been tried by one or two agencies, but had been outwitted by the parties I had been sent to outwit, and after one of my failures found myself with no employment and not a cent in my pocket.

I was walking disconsolately along an avenue occupied solely by dwellings when I saw a negro man ahead of me wheeling a box on a truck. He seemed to be talking to himself in a low tone, and I came up behind him without making any noise. Indeed, my footfalls couldn't very well be heard because the day was wet and I wore rubbers. Walking for a short distance behind him, I heard him say, "When I get to the steps going down into the basement I'll call 'Look out!' so's you can brace yourself."

As soon as I heard this I surmised that somebody was in the box. There seemed to me but one reason for any one to be thus housed, and that was either to break or evade the law. Some person was going to effect an entrance somewhere in order to be concealed in the box till a favorable opportunity should arise to commit a crime or some one was escaping from the police. My detective instincts further told me that if the person in the box were going to rob he would be taken to a mercantile building. If he were going to escape the police he would be taken to a railroad station and shipped as freight.

This last was my favorite theory. I knew that it was much easier to appropriate movable property belonging to others than to get away with it and turn it into cash.

Suddenly the negro porter turned, wheeling the box into the basement door of a handsome dwelling house. I had purposely dropped behind him that in case he stopped I would not feel obliged to walk past him. He eased the truck down three steps under the stoop, and just as he reached the basement door it was opened by a maid.

"Aha!" I said to myself. "This is a servant's scheme. There are more burglaries committed through the connivance of servants than any other way. There is a man in that box, who when every one in the house is asleep will get out of it and carry off what valuables he can find. We shall see whether he will or not."

It was just before dark that the box was wheeled into the house. The hour fitted my theory exactly. A person would not wish to remain shut up in such uncomfortable quarters any longer than necessary. Even as it was it would be necessary for him to stay where he was for several hours. I waited till I saw the negro go away with his truck, then cast about for an excuse to visit the house, with a view to locating the position of the box. An advertisement distributer had left some handbills puffing a face powder on the stoops along the street. Gathering a few of them, I went to the basement door of the house I was interested in and rang the bell. The maid who had let in the porter answered the summons, first lighting a gas jet in the basement.

As soon as she opened the door I saw the box standing in a corner in the hall where the darky had left it. The top was still on it. The maid was a very nice looking girl, not one to be suspected of admitting a burglar to the house. I asked her if I could sell her some face powder, but at the same time she saw me looking at the box and shut the door in my face.

But since I had seen what I wished to see this treatment didn't trouble me. I had very little doubt that I had discovered an incipient robbery. I was not doubtful as to the means of preventing it. What interested me was how to turn that prevention to my own account. If I went to the owner of the premises and told him that there was a burglar concealed in his basement he would call the police, the burglar would be arrested and very likely the owner would give me $5 for having furnished him the information. I was after a larger reward.

It seemed to me that I would better find out something concerning the people who lived in the house. It was a handsome stone front dwelling and could only be inhabited by wealthy people. Fortunately I remembered that the census for 1910 was being taken. I would avail myself of this fact. As a census official I could ask all the questions I liked without suspicion. But I would likely be admitted by the maid to whom I had tried to sell the face powder, and it wouldn't do to play two parts to the same audience. I went to my room, where I kept various makeup materials and put on a different suit of clothes and a full beard and mustache and spectacles. Thus arrayed, I went to the house in question, rang the front door bell and was admitted by the same maid as before. I told her that I must see the master of the house about the census, and she showed me into the front parlor and went upstairs.

In a few minutes an elderly gentleman came down. There was something about him I didn't like at all. He had the craftiest face and eye on him of any man I ever saw. I had a blank book in my hand, and, opening it preparatory to taking down replies, asked him such questions as are usually asked by census gatherers. I learned that his name was Laurence Girard, that he lived in the house with his niece, who would come of age in a few days, and that he and she were the only persons living there except the servants, whose names I took down with pretended care.

Having asked all the questions I dared, I shut up my book and departed. One thing I had decided on—that I wouldn't trust that man to reimburse me for any information I might give him without security. As I was descending the steps a man turned to enter at the basement door.

"Do you live here?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I'm the butler."

"I'm taking the census. Let me see if I have your name."

I looked in the record I had taken and found the man's name—Richard Coyne. Then I engaged him in conversation. I found him uncommunicative. I asked him what kind of a man his master was and received an evasive reply. But when I mentioned his master's niece he warmed up a bit.

"Miss Edith is a lovely girl," he said.

"It must be lonely for her here living with an old man," I remarked.

The man made no reply to this, but there was evidence of something passing in his mind.

When I left him I had made up my mind that there was a mystery connected with the premises. I shifted my theory from a hiding burglar, though I couldn't form any other. I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to pass the night in the house and see what happened—that is, if anything did happen. But I despaired of framing any plan that would enable me to do so. Then I considered the expediency of breaking in. As soon as I was convinced that every one in the house except the person in the box was asleep I went into the alley at the rear and found that by climbing over a high fence I could get into the back yard of the house in question.

Going to my room, I took a burglar's jimmy, some skeleton keys and an electric hand lamp, and about 11 o'clock went back to the house, concealing myself in the back yard. Half an hour after I saw the last light turned out. I examined a rear basement window—not in the hall where the box was—and, finding that I could take out a pane of glass and unlock the window, I did so. After passing inside and listening I sprung my electric light and found myself in the kitchen. Going through a door into the hall, I located the box from memory. But I didn't go near it. I sat down in the kitchen and waited.

An hour passed without a sound. Then I heard a screw turning. After several such rasplngs I heard a board—probably from the top of the box—laid gently on the floor. There were more screw turnings; then after another board was removed I heard sounds indicating that some one was getting out of the box. In a few minutes more footsteps indicated a person coming stealthily toward the kitchen door. Drawing a revolver I always carried, I pressed the key of my electric light and it fell full on a man's face.

He was nothing like a burglar, but a well dressed young man about twenty-one. He was very much startled.

"Come in here," I said, and, taking him into the kitchen, I shut the door.

"Tell me what this means."

"First tell me who you are," he replied.

I told him of my accidental discovery of his entrance into the house. Then he unfolded a diabolical plot of the master of the house to make away with his niece, who, at eighteen, would be in possession of an immense fortune. The young man was her lover. He was ignorant of what plan her uncle would adopt to remove her and get her property, to which he was next in line of inheritance, but the servants had told him that the young lady was kept a prisoner. The maid and the butler were in the lovers' secret, which was to release the girl.

Of course I sympathized with his object and offered to help him. He had been informed as to the room the girl was confined in. She knew of his projected attempt and was waiting for him. I followed him upstairs stealthily to the room he sought, and when we reached it he put his hand on the knob to open it. He failed to do so.

Turning to me with despair on his face, he whispered:

"It's locked."

"Let me try," I said, and, getting out my skeleton keys, I opened the door.

Giving place to him, my eyes were good enough to see that he was joined by a woman. Without a word all three of us passed down the staircase, but found every door locked and the keys removed. I led the lovers to the window by which I had entered, and, passing out, we two men helped the girl over the fence. From the alley we entered a thoroughfare which at that hour was deserted. I was about to leave them when the young man said:

"Come with us to a clergyman. We need you to witness our marriage."

That was my start. I didn't prevent a burglary of money, but I effected an abduction of a girl. The young man declared that without my assistance his attempt would have been futile. The day after their marriage the wife fell heir to a million, and they made me a handsome present, with permission to call on them whenever I needed funds.

Pleased the Queen.

When George IV. was crowned it was feared that the discarded Queen Caroline might appear and create a scene at Westminster abbey during the ceremony. A gentleman of the name of Chutneigh offered to go into the anteroom where Caroline was waiting and keep her engaged until the conclusion of the ceremony. That was a time when nearly everybody gambled, and the discarded queen was no exception to the rule. After a few casual remarks about the weather Chutneigh took three cards from his pocket and invited Caroline to "spot the lady." Time and again she backed her judgment with money and each time lost. Then she played higher stakes in the hope of retrieving her ill fortune. Her last guinea had been taken in by Chutneigh before she remembered her intention to be at the coronation. But it was too late. The ceremony was over, and the new king, "the greatest blackguard in all Europe," was on his way to the palace. To Mr. Chutneigh, who thus holds the credit of introducing the three card trick into England, a pension was granted.

Obeyed Directions.

One of the small theaters in Pittsburg at which moving pictures and vaudeville sketches alternate recently changed a sign which read: "Ladies that remove their hats will find mirrors and all conveniences on the room to the left as they pass out. Thank you for removing them." Some of their patrons acted too literally on the sign. Just before it was changed one of the employees saw a woman of rustic appearance and a happy expression leaving with several combs, a brush and two small hand mirrors.

"Say, what do you think you're doin' with those things?" he demanded.

She was taking them home, she informed him.

"Naw, yer not," said the man; "we don't put them things in there for you to take away."

"Well, of all things," exclaimed the indignant dame, "an' didn't I read with my own eyes that you would thank ladies to remove them. And ain't I a lady?"

Then the sign was changed.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Fun Under Fire.

"One of the characteristics of my old comrade, Amos Stillman, Company A, Twenty-third Massachusetts volunteers, was bravery in actual fighting service," said the old soldier. "Another characteristic was a sense of humor which stood him in good stead even in the face of danger and contributed not a little to the gayety of his comrades. At the battle of Cold Harbor, just before making the charge and while under the Confederate fire, our corporal, who was over six feet tall and scarcely bigger round than a gun barrel, became excited as the enemy's bullets plowed up the earth about him.

"'What kind of place is this to keep a man in?' he demanded. 'Absolutely without protection!'

"He had no more than spoken when Private Stillman stuck his ramrod in the ground.

"'Here, corporal,' said he; 'get behind this.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Bishop's Opinion.

"The late Bishop Whitaker," said a Philadelphia cleryman, "had very little sympathy with ultra high church leaning. A young divine once said to him at a Boston lecture, 'Bishop, suppose I should burn a few pastilles during the service, do you think anything would happen?'

"Bishop Whitaker smiled dryly, and, passing his hand down his white beard, he answered:

"'A good deal would happen, my young friend. Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would fume, and it's more than likely that you yourself would go up in smoke.'"

The Family Cat.

"Under normal conditions," says Chicago's health commissioner, "all the epidemic and local diseases thrive upon the family cat. The woman who refuses to give her child a redhot poker as a toy has no hesitancy in putting into its arms the most dangerous plaything—the family cat. It is no difficult matter to quarantine the child sick with scarlet fever or diphtheria, but the family cat goes where it pleases and comes when it likes."

Facing the Inevitable.

"Is it selfish ambition that inspires your eagerness to rush into official responsibility?"

"Not at all. It is merely a generous willingness to go to the front and stand my share of the harsh criticism that patriotic effort always receives."—Washington Star.

Knew His Business.

"She had him arrested for kissing her, and he was fined $500."

"Yet they are good friends now."

"Yes; he announced in open court that it was worth the price."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Life Position.

Annette—Ethel is about to accept a lifetime job of twenty-four hours a day. Florence—Indeed! Annette—Yes. She is going to marry a man to reform him.—Chicago News.

Never Saw One.

Urchin—Paw, what is an accommodation train? Parent—I don't know, Bobby; I never saw one.—Chicago Tribune.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—Horace Walpole.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sherman Gordon,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SMATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. HOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Murphy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penna.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in L. H. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. Over 25 years Experience
Office: Anderson & Carlson Block.

J. V. McAMPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA

HOTELS.

WRIGHT - HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. I. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This ho-telry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its appointments. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

OVER A CENTURY OLD, BUT STILL VIGOROUS.

The Pittsburg Gazette Times to Celebrate Its 125th Birthday Anniversary.

Readers of The Miner will be interested in the announcement of the approach of the one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday anniversary of The Pittsburg Gazette Times. Founded as The Gazette by John Scull, July 29, 1786, the paper has continuously published for a century and a quarter, and next to the Black House, is the oldest work of man in Pittsburg today.

The Gazette Times is planning a birthday celebration that will be unique in the history of journalism. During the week of July 24-29 it will issue six historical souvenir numbers that should be bought and preserved by every reader of The Miner. These special issues will review the world's progress of the past 125 years, all of which took place under the eye of the paper and was recorded in it.

Each day's issue will be devoted to special subjects, the arrangement being as follows: July 24, Building Construction; July 25, Transportation and Empire Building; July 26, Iron, Steel, Glass, Banking and Business; July 27, Foods and Food Products; July 28, Clothing and Merchandising; July 29, Electricity, Comforts, Music and Education. The history of The Gazette Times will also be printed on this date.

Writers specially fitted to prepare articles on the various topics have been engaged and everything will be historically and chronologically correct. There is no doubt but that the birthday celebration of The Pittsburg Gazette Times will be the biggest achievement in newspaper circles ever recorded and no one should miss securing all the special issues.

COMPANY E QUITS.

It Will Be Reorganized at Kane, This County.

Captain T. R. Patton, quartermaster of the 16th Regt., N. G. P., will go to Cooperstown today to receive from Captain Burchfield, of Company F, the equipment and other State property of the company which Captain Patton on Saturday will turn over to a new Company E, recruited at Kane, McKean county, 150 strong. The election of officers of the Kane company will be held between now and Saturday.

The orders for disbanding Company E comes from the adjutant general, and while it causes no surprise in military circles, will cause much regret to the people of Venango county in general, as Cooperstown and vicinity, has been represented by a company of soldiers since the War of the Rebellion, and Company E has had an honored place in the National Guard of Pennsylvania since the organization of the regiment. The support of the people of Cooperstown has been loyal and liberal. The company erected its own armory some years ago at no expense to the State. Of Co. Derrick.

STRANGE DEATH OF A CHILD

Found Dead on Railroad Track Without Marks to Cause Death.

Last week Thursday, just before noon, Vera Vandermark, [illegible] old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Vandermark, residing [illegible] farm near Gardner, was killed on the railroad. Just how this sad affair happened no one is able to explain. It seems the parents were at work in the corn which is near the railroad and the father had just gone to [illegible] when the mother discovered the absence of her child and was horrified to find it on the tracks dead. A passenger engine had gone by in the interim but no one had noticed the children on the track. In fact from what we can learn, we are led to believe that it was not by an engine or a car that possibly had struck its head on the rail in a fall which caused its death. There was the mark of only a very little bruise on the back of its neck. It is a very sad affair and the parents have the sympathy of their neighbors in the sad accident. Mrs. Vandermark was formerly Miss Rose Barr.

The little child was buried in the Portage cemetery on Saturday.—Emporium Independent.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 27th, 1911:

Brown, F. R.
Cartright, Mrs. Emily
Corlilns, Mr. E. W.
Romano, Al Sig Gregorio (Foreign)

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

TALE OF A NAIL.

The Queer Way in Which a Crime Was Brought to Light.

Dr. John Donne, the famous English divine and poet, who lived in the reign of James I., was a veritable Sherlock Holmes. One of his famous exploits was as follows: He was walking in the churchyard while a grave was being dug, when the sexton cast up a moldering skull. The doctor idly took it up and in handling it found a headless nail driven into it.

This he managed to take out and conceal in his handkerchief. It was evident to him that murder had been done. He questioned the sexton and learned that the skull was probably that of a certain man who was the proprietor of a brandy shop and was a drunkard, being found dead in bed one morning after a night in which he had drunk two quarts of brandy.

"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor. "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "She bore a very good character, only the neighbors gossiped because she married the day after her husband's funeral. She still lives here." The doctor soon called on the woman.

He asked for and received the particulars of the death of her husband. Suddenly opening his handkerchief, he showed her the telltale nail, asking in a loud voice, "Madame, do you know this nail?" The woman was so surprised that she confessed, was tried and executed.—London Tit-Bits.

ART OF JUGGLING.

A Means of Recreation For the Sedentary or Bedridden.

Speaking of conjuring, the allied art of juggling is one of the most amusing and valuable of diversions, especially to the sedentary. Many physicians become expert in juggling, but it is to their patients that it is most useful.

The bedridden, if they retain the use of their hands, may beguile many a weary hour in learning to keep three or four tennis balls in the air at once and in balancing sticks and other simple objects on the forefinger or on the chin.

For the brain worker who does not care for walking there is no better recreation. It has often occurred to us that in cases where there is any reason to fear some form of paralysis the educating of diseased cerebral, cerebellar and spinal centers by the rapid and complex movements required in juggling might serve to act as an efficient preventive.

We do not wish to claim too much for manual education of this kind, but we may point out that it tends to perfect nervous poise and that no juggling trick can be properly done if the performer indulges in dissipation even so mild as beer and cigarettes.—American Medicine.

Talking to the Doctor.

While making some professional calls in a sparsely settled district I came upon a little plump, rosy cheeked girl trudging toward home with her slate and dinner pail in her hand. I asked her to ride with me. I could see that she was a very timid child, and efforts to engage her in conversation were unavailing. She would meekly answer "Yes" or "No," but not another word would she speak.

A few weeks later I was called to the little girl's home to attend another member of the family for a slight ailment. When about to leave the mother spoke up smilingly and said: "Do you remember my little girl riding with you a few weeks ago? Well, when she got home she said, 'Mamma, I rode from school with the doctor, and he kept talking with me and talking with me, and I just didn't know what to do, for you know doctors charge you when you talk with them, and I didn't have any money.'"—National Monthly.

A Story of Longfellow.

In Longfellow's journal in which he chronicled daily things that came under his observation, he notes that upon a certain occasion he attended a church where the minister took as his subject "Progress." He was very flattered when the latter quoted about half of the "Psalm of Life." After repeating the verses, the minister said, "I could never read that poem without feeling the inspiration with which it was written." To this incident Longfellow adds: "But I had the conceit taken out of me on the evening of that day, when I happened to meet a lady at Prescott's and in our conversation she referred to the sermon in the morning and added, 'He quoted some beautiful verses; but nobody knew from whence came the quotations.'"

Wanted to Come Back.

"You won't make any mistake in buying this car, Mr. Juggings," said the agent. "It is the best in the market. There isn't any come-back to our output."

"Then I don't want it," retorted Juggins. "There wasn't any come-back to the last car I had, and I had to walk back. Haven't you anything you can show me with a few return attachments?"—Harper's Weekly.

Domestic Economy.

Husband—Excuse me, dear, but don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use? Wife—Of course! If I didn't how could I economize by "utilizing leftover dishes?"—Toledo Blade.

If You Have Money.

"That fellow Gotrox is a multimillionaire. He has more money than brains."

"Well, what does he want with brains?"—New York Times.

A Cow For a Life.

The Ober Gabelhorn is a peak adorned for the dangerous cornices which decorate its upper ridges. Of many accidents reported in connection with it perhaps the most remarkable, says G. D. Abraham in "Swiss Mountain Climbs," was the adventure which befell an amateur and his young guide. In passing along the dangerous final cornice it suddenly gave way under the amateur, and he went flying through space to apparent destruction. The guide at the other end of the rope seemed in hopeless plight, but with astounding presence of mind he flung himself down the opposite side of the ridge, thus saving two lives. The rope cut deep into the snow above, but held firm. The young guide's name was Ulrich Almer. His reward was a cow.

A Horticultural Puzzle.

"It's no use," sighs the native wizard. "I may as well give up."

"What is bothering you?" we ask sympathetically.

"I got started a few years ago on a whim of mine. I took a head of cabbage and crossed it with a white potato and grew eyes on it; then I crossed that with a cornstalk and grew ears on it; then I crossed that with a squash and grew a neck on it; then I crossed that with a cocoanut and grew hair on it, but hanged if I can figure out what to do for a nose and mouth!"—St. Louis Republic.

Already Outside.

"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theater to get a breath of fresh air."—Washington Star.

Poultry Pointer.

"I think," remarked the brindle faced old hen, "that I'll go into business."

"What kind of business?" asked the innocent young rooster.

"Well," clucked the old hen, "I may set up an egg plant."—Chicago News.

Hard to Find.

Two things in life that are hardest to find are a needle in a haystack and a self made man who is dissatisfied with his job.—Philadelphia Record.

Poor Indeed.

Hewitt—Broke again? Jewett—I should say so. I couldn't open an account with a postal savings bank.—New York Press.

The best of prophets for the future is the past.—Byron.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 5th, 1911,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, with the improvements thereon, situate in the fourth ward of the borough of Kane, County of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, on the east side of Chase street, between Kinzua avenue and Dawson street, fronting on said Chase street two hundred fifteen feet, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the intersection of the east line of Chase street with the west line of Dawson street; thence southwardly along the west line of Dawson street to the intersection of the west line of Dawson street with the north line of Kinzua avenue; thence westwardly along the north line of Kinzua avenue to the intersection of the north line of Kinzua avenue with the east line of Chase street; thence northwardly along the east line of Chase street to the place of beginning and being a lot of ground triangular in shape bounded by Chase street, Dawson street and Kinzua avenue.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Kane Rose Company No. 3, a corporation, reputed owner &c., at suit of The Bradford Kerosene Co.

Chas. G. Hubbard, Plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the center of Vine Street, North sixty-one and one-half (61½) degrees East, twenty (20) feet from the southeast corner of land conveyed by V. R. Vanderhule and wife to Samuel W. Smith; Thence by the east line of the alley North 28½ degrees West, ten perches to a post corner; Thence North 61½ degrees East, four perches, and fourteen and one half links to a post corner; Thence South 28½ degrees East ten perches to the center of Vine Street; Thence by the center thereof, South 61½ degrees West four perches, and fourteen and one half links to the place of beginning. Containing 40 square perches strict measure be the same more or less.

Also, Beginning at a post the Northwest corner of a lot of land conveyed by V. R. Vanderhule and wife to Charles A. Anderson by deed bearing date October 31st, 1902; Thence by the East line of the Alley North 28½ degrees West ten perches to a post corner in the center of the street (not named); Thence by the center thereof North 61½ degrees East, four perches and fourteen and one half links to post corner; Thence South 28½ degrees East ten perches to the Northwest corner of land of C. A. Anderson aforesaid; Thence South 61½ degrees West four perches and fourteen and one half links to the place of beginning. Containing 40 square perches strict measure, be the same more or less.

Having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and one frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Carl A. Anderson at suit of Citizens National Bank of Port Allegany, Pa.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a corner in the West line of Lot No. 253, of the allotment of Bingham lands in Keating (formerly Otto) Township; Thence North 3-4 degrees East 101.5 perches; Thence along line of Lot No. 250, North 89 degrees West 65.5 perches; Thence along line of lot No. 250, North 89 1-4 degrees West 106.3 perches; Thence along other lands formerly of the Bingham Estate, South 1 degree West 102.5 perches; Thence South 89 1-4 degrees East 174.4 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 103.5 acres with the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads, be the same more or less. Being Lot No. 252 of the Allotment of Bingham lands in Keating (Formerly Otto) Township and part of Warrant No. 3555, and being the same lands conveyed to Theodore B. Moore by Helen M. Morse and others, Widow and heirs at law of Henry Morse, deceased, by deed dated August 30th, 1910, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 111, Page 300, McKean County Records.

Improved and having thereon, Two large frame barns, the foundations of a house burned down, seven oil wells and fixtures appurtenant thereto, three oil tanks, a quantity of fruit trees and well watered.

The above described premises will be sold subject to the interests therein of the lessees or their assigns, under and by virtue of a certain oil and gas lease, made and executed by Theodore B. Moore to J. E. Berkheimer, M. D. Wright and T. B. Moore, dated April 1st, 1903, and recorded February 13th, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 127, page 443, McKean County Records, for that portion of the above described premises bounded as follows: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the tract; thence North to Yeardon and Hingham corner; thence East by Moore and Wright corner; Thence southwest to the place of beginning. Containing 51 acres more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Theodore B. Moore at suit of Ellen Isadore Moore, Trustee, now for use of M. J. Dunn, Trustee by virtue of Judgment entered on a bond accompanying a certain mortgage given to the said Ellen Isadore Moore on the above described premises, dated August 27th, 1901, and recorded October 23rd, 1901, in Mortgage book Vol. 52, page 20, &c., McKean County records.

C. F. Haughney, Sheridan Norton, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the North line of Water Street at the Southwest corner of lands of Mary Keefe; Thence North eight (8) rods to the center of the square; Thence West three (3) rods; Thence South eight (8) rods to the said North line of Water Street; Thence East along said line three (3) rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty four square perches of land, be the same more or less; and being part of square No. 82, according to the original plot of said borough. Being the same premises conveyed to the party of the first part by Lucretia A. Freeman, by deed dated October 31st, 1899, and recorded in deed book Vol. 109, at page 523, &c.

Improved and having erected one two story frame building used as a shop and hall, one small frame building used as a carpenter shop.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank Kerns, at suit of Harriett C. Sanders, et al, executors of the estate of W. J. Colegrove, deceased.

John N. Apple, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of Warrant No. 7210 and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a post one hundred sixty-eight (168) feet East of the East line of Welsh street on the South side of Bayard Street and thirty (30) feet from the center thereof; thence North seventy (70) degrees and ten (10) minutes East fifty (50) feet to a post; thence South nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes East one hundred twenty (120) feet to a post; thence south seventy (70) degrees ten (10) minutes West fifty (50) feet to a post; thence North nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes West one hundred twenty (120) feet to the place of beginning. Containing six thousand square feet of land more or less, and being lot four (4) as laid out in a plot of lands of M. W. Moffitt and G. W. Campbell made by M. J. Dill, surveyor, on July 14, 1886. Being the same premises which G. W. Campbell and wife, Joshua Davis and Terphenia Moffitt, Executors, by their deed dated December 2, 1901, sold to Anna S. Nelson, party hereto, as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having erected thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Anna S. Nelson at suit of John M. Farrell.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of subdivision No. 782 in Warrant No. 2330 and being part of lot No. 67 and further described as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner of Elk Avenue and Poplar Street; thence north along the east line of Elk Avenue one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence east one hundred thirty five (135) feet to land heretofore conveyed Herman Nordahl and wife to Oscar Nelson; thence south along the west line of said Oscar Nelson's land one hundred (100) feet to a point in the north line of said Poplar Street; thence west along said north line of Poplar Street one hundred thirty five (135) feet to the place of beginning. Containing thirteen thousand five hundred square feet (13500 sq. ft.) of land, more or less, and having thereon erected a one and one half story frame dwelling house. Being the same property conveyed by the said Herman Nordahl and wife to Ernest F. Carlson by deed dated September 27, 1904, McKean County Deed Book Vol. 120, and recorded in the Recorder's office of said county, page 270, etc.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ernest F. Carlson at suit of Michael Galvin.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that tract of land beginning at a Hemlock at the southeast corner of lot No. 77 of the allotment of the land of the Bingham Estate in Otto Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania; conveyed to Lawrence Elliot; thence along the south line of said lot north 89 degrees and ¼ west 100 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 256 and the east line of lot No. 216 conveyed to Henry E. Francis south 86 perches and S-10; thence along the north line of lot 281 conveyed to Ambros Niles Taylor south 88 degrees east 100 perches; thence along the west line of warrant No. 2088 north 89 perches and 1-10 to the place of beginning. Containing 53 acres and 3-10 of an acre, with the usual allowance of six per cent.

Also all that tract or parcel of land situate in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of lot 187; thence south 20 perches to a post; thence west forty perches to a hemlock corner; thence north 20 perches; thence east 40 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 5 acres of land. Being the same land described in deed book 13, page 9, etc.

The first described piece having thereon 2 Oil Wells.

The second described piece the royalty of 2 Oil Wells.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Hiram Dean, at suit of Ella M. Dean, assignee of the Exchange National Bank of Olean, N. Y., a corporation.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land situate in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post the Southwest corner of lot No. 80 deed to Elijah Mix; thence south 62 perches to a post, the Northeast corner of lot No. 65; deed to O. F. Maxon; thence West 163.1 perches to the Southwest corner of lot No. 64; thence North 64 perches to a hemlock the Northwest corner of the same; thence east 113.1 perches to a post, the southeast corner of lot No. 455, deed to Thomas Eastman; thence South 2 perches to a post the Southwest corner of lot No. 50; thence East 50 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 65 acres strict measure be the same more or less, being lots Nos. 64 & 131 of the allotment of the lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Ceres Township, and part of Warrants Nos. 2265 & 2217.

Less the following, conveyed by Nelson F. Eastman by deed of April 3, 1906, and recorded in Deed Book 138, page 122 &c. Beginning in the center of the Public road at the Northwest corner of lot No. 435, of the Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest lands, thence West 16 rods to a post corner; thence north 16 rods to a post; thence east about 16 rods to center of the road; thence by road to place of beginning. Containing about 1½ Acres.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house with ell, one frame barn and usual outbuildings, 1 oil well, small orchard, about 25 acres improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank Eastman at suit of Tessie M. Eastman, use of J. E. Hixford.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

10.

Defendants' Interest in First: All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, Bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stake on the East side of Park Place one hundred eight feet (108) South from Poplar Street; thence south along Park Place forty-six feet (46) to a corner; thence east ninety seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in) to a corner; thence North forty-six feet (46) to lot sold Mathew Burkhardt; thence west along line of Mathew Burkhardt's lot ninety-seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in.) to place of beginning. Containing four thousand four hundred eighty-eight and five-sixth square feet of land more or less. Improved and having erected thereon a two story frame dwelling house. Being the same property conveyed by W. J. Lawrence and C. T. Lawrence to Frank G. Heisel and John Heisel and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 117 at page 229, &c.

Second. All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the above described lot; thence South along Park Place forty-six feet (46) to land owned by George Welker; thence east along George Welker's line ninety-seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in.) to corner; thence north forty-six feet (46) to corner of lot first above described; thence west ninety-seven feet seven inches (97 ft. 7 in.) to place of beginning containing four thousand four hundred eighty-eight and five-sixth square feet of land more or less being lots Nos. 7 and 8 on a map of Alameda Grounds surveyed and laid out by Lawrence Brothers, of Kane, Pennsylvania. Being the same property conveyed by W. J. Lawrence and C. T. Lawrence to Frank G. Heisel and John Heisel and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 117 at page 229 &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank Eastman at suit of use of First National Bank of Towanda, Pennsylvania, a corporation.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 17, 1911.

LICENSE TRANSFER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application has been made by Peter V. Flavin for the transfer of the retail liquor license granted at No. 75, June Sessions, 1911, to John Prohaupple, for a building known as The Bradford House, situate on the North side of Main Street, in the Borough of Lewis Run, McKean County, Pa., and that said application will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at the Judge's Chambers, in the Court House, at Smethport, Pa., on May 27th, 1911, at one o'clock P. M. The said Peter V. Flavin is by occupation a clerk, and his residence is Lewis Run Borough, County and State aforesaid.

V. E. BOUTON,
Attorney for Applicant.

May 18-3t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 38, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Iowa Blue Lilly, did on the 17th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Frank Lilly.

We therefore command you, the said James Frank Lilly, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Iowa Blue Lilly and show cause if any you have, why the said Iowa Blue Lilly, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

R. J. Campbell, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 102, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Clara Francis Watters, did on the 9th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Watters.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Watters, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Clara Francis Watters and show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Francis Watters, your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 105, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Chauncey B. Rook, did on the 9th day of Nov., 1910 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ruth B. Rook.

We therefore command you, the said Ruth B. Rook, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Chauncey B. Rook, and show cause if any you have, why the said Chauncey B. Rook, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 110, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Maud O'Herron, did on the 11th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you William J. O'Herron.

We therefore command you, the said William J. O'Herron, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Maud O'Herron and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lizzie Maud O'Herron your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.

W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of

SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS

From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER

Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters

Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.

Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.